

# CAVALCADE

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## *BRIDES FOR A LONELY ISLE*

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# THEY LIVED AND DIED BY THE GUN



JAMES HOLLEDGE

This bank robbery in 1935 cost six lives in one of the most violent gun battles between police and gangsters ever staged in U.S.A.

AT 100 on the morning of February 4, 1935, a powerful black sedan car pulled up outside a branch of the Ohio National Bank in the town of Columbus. In it sat four men—the most dangerous and notorious bank robbers of the day, all of them branded "Public Enemy" by G-Men chief, J. Edgar Hoover.

Behind the wheel was black-jawed, battle-browed Carl Hootchler. Next to him was a short-eyed tough from Cleveland named Steve Fingst. In the rear seat lounged green-eyed James Earl Miller and steady-eyed Vincent Grimeson.

Each man was a killer, armed with a brace of pistols. Each was—although he did not know it—was undertaking on his last job.

That job—the robbery of the National Bank—they accomplished successfully, taking it of more than \$2,000 dollars in currency. Before the sun set that afternoon, however, each was lying on a cold slab in the city morgue. With them were two ever-against detectives, who had given their lives in a blazing battle to the death.

There was little heavenly moment the gangsters sitting in the car. They were actually psychological animal degenerates. They hated each other's "rats" and only combined because it was good "business" to do so.

Steve Fingst was waiting his chance to kill Vincent Grimeson. He wanted revenge for four bullets which Grimeson had put in his back following a fight in October, 1932. Grimeson,

in his turn, was constantly on the verge of completing the job with another handful of bullets. He hated Fingst because the Cleveland criminal had more given the police information which led to the capture of his brother, Bruno Grimeson, another notorious bank robber.

Jack Miller, on the other hand, was openly threatening what he would eventually do to Hootchler. He was suspicious of Hootchler's back when they played cards together and had accused him of cheating.

Finally, Miller had excited the animosity of all the others by his "boasting" and bellying. He insisted on assuming the role of leader on every criminal operation.

After a couple of minutes waiting to see if the coast was clear, the soldiers were ready for action. "Listen," ordered Miller as usual. "Hootchler stays here at the wheel. Every gets the message to open the safe. Grimeson and me pick up the dough."

The three men stepped silently out of the car and crossed the pavement to the bank. They pushed open the door and entered.

"This is a stick-up!" roared Miller. Frightened clerks and officials raised their hands. The other robbers also began to bark orders.

"Back to the vault, you," ordered Fingst to the bank manager, shoving a .45 into his body. When the man seemed to hesitate, the gangster threw out a hand and grabbed him by the neck.

He spun him round and propelled him before him to the door of a large vault, accessible in a corner behind the counter.

Fearfully the manager tried to explain that the vault was not on a time lock and would not open for another 15 minutes. "You're a liar. Open it up!" yelled Fingst.

He would have shot the manager in

the spot had not Miller at that moment called out to him to hurry.

"Go to hell!" Fingst called back. He stopped his explanation of the official and turned his attention to the money drawers in one of the teller's cages. Miller and Grimeson leaped forward. With the agility of monkeys, they jumped on the counter and over the wire grilles in front of other teller's cages. Bundles of notes were stuffed into canvas bags they pulled from their pockets.

Fingst obtained his quota of cash and took up a position in front of the counter, his automatic waving menacingly over the cowed prisoners. Impulsively he called to the other two robbers to hurry. Their only answer was a string of curses spat at him.

Four minutes after they entered the bank the front door swung open and Hootchler ran in. He too, armed to the teeth, Hootchler and Grimeson waved their guns at him threateningly. Hootchler, however, did not seem to argue. He turned and leaped back through the door. Over his shoulder he flung a warning he would drive off without them if they were not in the car in one minute.

Their arms full of money bags, Miller, Grimeson and Fingst followed him. Instantly Hootchler waved the meter as they disappeared abroad. Six minutes after the bandits entered the bank their car roared away up the street and disappeared round a corner.

The robbery did not go unretorted. Shopkeepers and pedestrians saw the bandits emerge with their loot and noted the direction of their departure. The police were not on the scene quickly enough to give chase. Columbus was buzzing with news, however, and from a succession of witnesses they pieced together the route of the bandits car after it left the bank. It had apparently proceeded west out of the city.

Immediately the hunt swung in that direction. Several hours passed. Not a trace of the bandits was found. But during the afternoon a volcano came forward. He had seen the bandit car speeding away on the western road. On the outskirts of Columbia, however, it swung back towards an outlying suburb.

Scores of people had surrounded the police with tips and information about the bandits. All had to be checked. Only four detectives were available to follow up the volcano's story.

At about 3:30 on the afternoon of the robbery, Detectives Cooke, Cline, Danner and Phillips drove out to the suburb to look around. Again came the slow, tedious questioning of people for information.

From a shopkeeper came their first promising lead. He told of a tough-looking quartet of men who had recently moved into a neighborhood boarding house.

The police raced to the address. Detectives Cooke and Cline alighted and went to the door. They knocked. From the backyard the landlady called to them. They walked around the side of the house.

Stalking to the back, Detective Cooke queried, "Where are the boys? Are they inside?"

The woman looked at them with frightened eyes. "You mean the bank robbers?" she whispered.

Revolvers appeared in the detectives' hands. "Yes," they told her.

"I think they're inside," the woman said. "But don't shoot, please. There are other people in there."

Cooke and Cline moved to Detective Phillips and Danner to support them. From the six their comrades were then disappear around the end of the house.

Entering the back door, the two detectives saw a dim passageway. At the end of it, a short flight of steps

led to a landing. A door opened from the landing.

In the hall, Detective Cline took the stairs in one leap and crashed into the door. From behind it came the roar of gunfire. The wooden panels of the door splintered. Louden death crashed through them for Detective Cline. Hit several times in the chest and stomach, he fell back down the stairs.

Behind him, Detective Cooke made an instant decision. To return the room from the front was suicide. He planned to get around it and attack from another angle.

A door led off the passageway. He pushed his way through it into a kitchen. A woman croued before an ironing board. The detective motioned to her to drop under the table.

There was another door at the end of the kitchen. Cooke made for it. At that instant it swung open. Through it, blasting with two guns, came Jacob Miller.

The detective and the criminal were shooting simultaneously. Cooke's arm was aching and sore. Two shots ploughed into the advocate. Miller stopped him in his tracks. He did to the floor, his revolver slipping from his grip.

Behind him, through the door, came Vincent Gennovino, his gun roaring. A bullet thudded into Cooke's shoulder. He went down, but not before his own weapon spoke again. The bandit yelped like a hurt dog as Cooke's bullets found their target. He slumped back into the room and collapsed.

Meanwhile, Detectives Phillips and Danner had jumped from their car on seeing their comrades were to them before they covered the house. Phillips bursted after them up the side passageway. Danner rushed to the next door house to telephone for assistance.

A thunder of shooting came from inside the house. Detective Phillips swung around the corner and saw the bandits.

At that instant Detective Cline staggered out. "The shot," he gasped. "Get in there and help Cooke."

Phillips dove through the door. He could hear shots but was afraid to use his own gun for fear of hitting Cooke, whom he thought was somewhere ahead of him.

At that instant, the splintered door on the landing, through which had come the shots that caught Cline, opened. Steve Fagin was framed in the opening.

Phillips' finger squeezed on the trigger. The future look on the bandit's face changed to hurt surprise. He tumbled forward down the stairway to Phillips' feet—and his own gun spoke.

On top of him fell the detective, blood pouring from a wound above his eye where Fagin's slug had caught him.

At the front, Detective Danner emerged from the next house, after calling police headquarters. Through a window of the lodging house, he saw the last bandit, Carl Rosenbach.

Boettcher sprinted across the road and down the side of another house. Danner, gun in hand, followed hard on his heels.

Danner began shooting as Boettcher climbed over the back fence of the house. He missed and went over the fence himself to continue the chase.

Across vacant land the two figures ran. Boettcher kept turning around and taking a quick shot at the detective at his heels. Once, as his gun roared, Danner clutched wildly at his middle with one hand.

But he did not stop until Boettcher came to another fence and made a perfect target. Growing from the halit that met waves of spray pour-

ing up from his slippers, Danner aimed his gun arm. He aimed as carefully as at target practice on the police range. Then here Boettcher threw up his arms and fell back off the fence to the ground.

As police headquarters on receipt of Danner's call, every available vehicle was ordered to the boarding house. Chief Glenn Hoffman's bugs spun and got there first. All was silent as he tore up the street to the house.

He bounded out and across the lawn to the front door. His powerful shoulder crashed into it, knocking it down. Hoffman went through the opening and into the front room. He saw the body of Gennovino on the floor. The bandit was still alive. His head slid out to the 45 beside him.

The gun was leveled at Hoffman. The trigger's finger tightened on the trigger. The police chief had no time to raise his own weapon. He tried to jump forward, but first twinged. With the pressure of a prison stroke, it caught Gennovino's arm and knocked the gun from his grasp.

Chief police arrived and soon after came a string of ambulances. There was little they could do for the patients. All were dead or died before they reached hospital.

All the detectives were wounded. They were rushed to hospital, but Cline and Danner died on the operating table. Phillips and Cooke recovered completely.

A few hours before, Columbia, Ohio, had seen its first successful bank robbery for years. Now it had lost six lives. Two detectives had died in the name of duty. By their devotion to that duty, the country was saved from the depredations of six vicious and deadly a band of murdering robbers an ever lived—and died—by the gun.

# CRANKS GROW ON BUSHES

BY HYS BRASHMAW



When Marconi invented wireless cranks pretended that electrical waves were passing through their bodies.

CRANKS, were they told had to lead, would stretch twenty times around the earth. Cranks are always with us, the jaking crank, the melodramatic crank, the peevish crank, and all the species in between.

Take Marconi as an example of a target for cranks. On the other side of the Atlantic he was listening for signals that were being sent from his station in Cornwall. When they came wireless telegraphy was born. He was 37. Immediately cranks began writing him letters full of bitter complaints. They said his electrical waves were passing through their bodies, destroying their nerves, so that they found it impossible to sleep. Several of the cranks threatened to kill Marconi, and a man in Germany scratched out a letter full of Denvers and blazes and promised he was coming to London to shoot him. Scotland Yard had the letter and the Government wouldn't let the homicidal Teuton land in England.

Letter writers and letter readers are high on the list of common-place cranks. A northern N.Y.W. recently named Clark wrote letters to people all over the globe, just for the pleasure of hearing from them. The small single room in which he lived, slept and cooked was crammed from floor

to ceiling with stacks of newspapers packed neatly tied with string and labeled with their contents—bundles of letters. A narrow footway allowed movement in and around these cliffs of correspondence. When Clark died the millions of words from all events and authors, the vast treasury of human thought and opinion, was purposely buried as rubbish by the landlord of the residence.

A New Zealand woman spent a lifetime writing letters to newspapers all over the world. She averaged thirty letters a week. Her sole objective was to appear in print—unhappily the invention of a thwarted literary ambition. She amassed thousands of cuttings and at the time of her death possessed a dossier of her writings as comprehensive and varied in subject-matter as a telephone directory, and just as commonplace.

Some cranks collect motor car numbers, watches, locks of hair, and even children like school, smoke preferences, shoe shapes and names. Alister Hart, an American traveler, collected waterfalls. An Indian Gunga Brahmin, was a snarker for blue teeth. He accumulated hundreds of sets.

People who set bottles containing messages afloat in the sea are cranks. They get a perverted pleasure out of what is often a cruel and tragic hoax. Anarchists also qualify. They don't want to inflict damage. They want to see a big blaze. A tophim in the basement was Martin Harrison, who kept half a century ago Mad with the matches. Looking Harrison claimed when captured that he had started a thousand fires all over London. Nobody denied him the credit. After a prison term, which he served with bustling pride, Harrison came out with the idea apparently of starting all over again, but lost his life in one of his self-made schemes. Some-

body said he was the greatest arson-chartist in history. Harrison would have liked that.

A crank of a different kind was Joseph Clark of Fall Mall, reputed to be the most extraordinary person under that ever lived. Clark, a plump, well-made man, was an expert in taking off in the most natural manner every species of delicacy and natural distortion.

His chief stages were under. He would send for them to measure him for a suit, contriving off the whole a curious string of one of his shoulders. When he tried the clothes on the deformity was removed to the other shoulder. Full of apologies, the tailor measured it as best as he could. On the third trial Clark's shoulders were perfectly straight but a lump showed on his back. And so it went on like that until the distressed tailor went away or perished in rejection.

Clark was a master in distorting the vertebrae of his back and other parts of his body, and the most excellent proof of that is afforded by the famous surgeon Malin, before whom Clark appeared as a patient. Malin was shocked and horrified at the sight of him and blankly refused to attempt a cure. Clark convinced other doctors, too, that he was a hopeless case.

He delighted in wearing people passing him on their way home at night. He would assume the physique of a dreadful cripple, shake with ague and gibber and utter his outrageous outbursts, because, in fact, a different man. His facial power seemed to be more extraordinary than his flexible body. At a meeting or place of amusement he could imitate every form present. Clark has his modern counterpart in the American "foll guys," who jump under cars and buses and emerge with blood distortions in that

they may claim compensation. Maybe, had he thought of it, Clark could have earned his living by having coffins.

Most people may know that Napoleon was a crack on his soldiers. He collected them. Or that Earl Baldwin went in for stuffed coats, and Bruce Mitchell was happiest when adding to his world-wide tin collection.

They may know, too, that Winston Churchill collects hats. But he is not in the same street as the man who every year had his disheveled shoes hat varnished black. This man was John Gottlieb Wendel, and that was not the only peculiarity about him or his family.

The Wendel family lived in a New York house with a knock-up front door. The house, built away back in the time of Lincoln, was worth only \$500 dollars, but it stood on land worth more than four million dollars, and the rains and tears amounted to 1000 dollars a day.

John Gottlieb Wendel seemed to have influenced the rest of the family. Until he died in 1934 he had all his clothes copied exactly from suits he had bought at the end of the Great War. All his black suits were made of wool from black sheep because he refused to wear anything that was dyed. He wore larchwood cravattes to his ankles in Latin. He carried an umbrella all the time. The sole of his shoes had an inch thick layer of anti-perches to make them stand against germs, because he was certain that strange diseases were contracted through the feet.

He tried to turn his seven sisters off men by saying that men were only after their money. All these spinsters hated drink, but when they did thousands of pounds worth of rare wines were found in the cellar untouched. Much of it had turned to vinegar. They all thought men was

rotten on the eyes, as they used it. They disapproved of all modern inventions. Two days before the death of the last of the Wendels, the telephones were installed. But they were only to get the doctor in a hurry.

Rebecca Wendel married at 16. All the others died companionably. George developed a pneumonia virus and had to be put in an asylum. She died in 1916 worth five million dollars. Josephine lived alone in a country house surrounded by servants. She imagined that the place was filled with children, and she used to play at dinner parties to which no one came. Miss Ella was the last survivor, living alone in a 40-room house, locked and cluttered. Her French poodle, Tobey, slept in her room in a little fourposter bed that was a duplicate of hers. Tobey ate his dog biscuits and pork chops at a special brass table with a velvet cloth. Within a year of her death Miss relatives sprung up all over the world.

John Gottlieb Wendel never made a will as he said he didn't want any lawyers making money out of him. But he willed, because his lawyers actually did enough themselves by his death.

Another one of the same breed was Betty Green. At her death, Betty was worth at least forty-five million dollars, some say a hundred million. Her income walked out at thirty shillings a minute. Yet she would buy a penny paper, read it, and sell it again. In winter she wore newspapers for undervestings to keep her warm. She owned two undergarments and had in between in hundreds of others, but when she travelled, second class was good enough for her. Once she married some friends to dinner, and when they arrived, the ladies in evening wraps and the gents in dinner

jackets, she walked them along to a cheap boarding house and showed them each a one-and-sixpenny meal.

On a broiling hot day she borrowed in the attic of a warehouse inherited from her father. Four after hour she worked in that burning heat, sorting white eggs from coloured ones because the vapour paid a halfpenny a pound more for white eggs.

Betty Green found it necessary to spend her time in Wall Street looking after investments. But she knew that if she rented an apartment in New York City she would have to pay thirty thousand dollars a year in tax. So to dodge the tax collectors she made her home in one cheap boarding house after another, living under assumed names, dressed in cast, and carrying one or two little bags. Her personal handbags often made her gay in advance.

The Chemical National Bank in New York, where she had several million dollars on deposit, she also used as a storehouse, keeping her curtains, dresses and shoes in the vault. She also sent some of her furniture to be stored there, and a one-horn buggy as well, the wheels having been taken off to facilitate the accommodation.

This clanking overicious old woman nearly went berserk of blood at the thought of paying doctor's fees. Dressing herself and her own like virgins, she went to the free clinic for advice and treatment. When her son was injured in a tubercular accident she refused to pay for a specialist until it was too late. The boy's rotting leg had to be amputated.

Betty Green died at 82, from pneumonia. While she was bedridden the standard nurses were not allowed to wear their white uniforms. If they wore ordinary clothes Betty would take them to be servants, and then

#### THE PLAY'S THE THING!

"I've been writing this play," said the author in a whisper.

"For ten long and weary years."

"I've changed a line here, or altered it there."

"Till I reached the stage of tears."

The producer looked up with a weary look.

"Yes but You really don't say."

"All those years, all those tears."

"And all that work—and no play!" —RAY-ME

could die peacefully, not knowing as she would have done had she known they were expensive professionals.

There are multiple cracks who must sleep a certain way facing north and south, because they claim the turn of the earth affects them, people like Beethoven who wouldn't walk on cracks, and others like Dumas, who boasted he had two hundred children, who could only write novels on blue paper, poetry on yellow paper, magazine articles on rose paper, and plays only while lying on a sofa with a pillow under his elbow.

Dumas might have been just a fat, exactly halfbred with Jewish connections, but because he had a talent, wrote 1000 volumes, over a hundred plays, and earned more than a million and a half pounds, he is a genius with some very kowtow possibilities.

You can't keep a good crack down.

# Thieves' honour

DAVE SANDERSON



Given a car, even just a real mean working on the fly, if a car runs about a mile an hour, should a car man die?

PERSONALLY, I have never understood why they call a confidence man a criminal. The world is full of suckers, or marks as we call them. And if Willie and I didn't take their money, they'd drop it in the slush market, or in some other venue just as bad as ours, only more legitimate.

And even if you use the word thief, you've got a right to expect some kind of honor, even from thieves, and especially if the thief is a partner

of yours. The last couple of days have to put I've been showing a lot of marks, and they show that there is supposed to be a sense of honor in even the meanest man. So I guess it's no wonder it came as a surprise when Willie turned against me. Willie was my partner, my friend, the guy who'd helped me run up a score with more marks than I care to talk about.

He tried to convince me. He worked

a confidence game on me designed to shoot me out of my gut and my ear.

I'd known he had his eye on the car ever since I'd picked it up in St. Louis. It was a Cadillac convertible, new, with yellow leather seat covers. The body was the sweetest colour of champagne you ever saw, as shiny and cool as a lemon phosphate soda on a hot day. I had three-tone musical chime-plated horns put on it, and big lights. You had to be either rich or crazy to drive a heap like that. I'd bought it in St. Louis, with a part of the money I took from a banker on Cornman. It was not partnership at all. It was mine. I drove it with Avee sitting beside me, all docked out, and traveling at my will.

Willie drove the emergency car, a plain black Ford with a big wheel and a built-in wire recorder, made up to look as much as possible like a police car without actually having anything wrong done to it. The idea was simple enough. We came here twice separately, and we used both of those cars to impress the mark; we used mine to set him up, and the partnership car to help with the break-off.

But Willie had gone so goofy about my car as a wheel had with a new hot rod. It was pathetic the way he wanted it. He even offered to buy it, but he didn't offer me enough profit, and like I say, we needed it for the break-off. I know he wanted the car, but I didn't realize he had his eye on Avee. There's a couple of things I didn't figure out ahead of this deal and maybe when I got out of this kick-jail I'll go straight. When you start losing your sharpness, you're washed up.

Anyhow, the first hint of trouble I got was in Elk City, Oklahoma. Elk City is a little town with not much

to recommend it to a big city operator except a lot of oil wells they put down a few years ago.

Now there are a few rich guys around, and when there are rich guys, you're going to find guys that want to get something for nothing. In a word, you're going to find marks.

The ugly truth first showed itself when Willie and I were sitting in the Ford car, the fake police job, parked way out on a side road out of Elk City, so no one would see us together. Before I met Willie I'd been out of town, about, for several hours, trying to locate a mark. According to our routine, Avee had been supposed to drive the Cadillac up and down the main street a few times just to impress people and then go back to the hotel and wait. But that wasn't what happened.

There, on the end of the black Ford car that Willie used, was a sign. It was pushed down almost out of sight, but I noticed it, and I saw that Willie noticed it too, and he backed around, almost. That was Avee's work, a tomato-shell one with a couple of real diamonds set in it, and she had it on, I remembered, when we came into town earlier in the day.

I said, "Damn you, Willie. What goes on here?"

He didn't say anything. I reached out and turned on the wire recorder. I could see his eyes go round. Divided as I know there was something on there I wasn't supposed to know, or at least there could have been something.

As I said, we used the fake police car and the recorder to break off the mark after we had his money. The key is all remember is that the mark helps you do something illegal, and then when he loses his money he

can't complain about it for fear of being caught.

We had a second wire recorder in my car, and I'd let it get a bunch of uninteresting conversation between the two of us. I'd give the wire to Willie. Then, later, after we had the money and I'd vanished, Willie would pick up the mark in the police car. He'd act like every tough plainclothes cop and play the recording that would convict the mark if they took him to court. He'd admit they were really after me, not the mark, and sometimes the mark would even bribe Willie to keep it quiet, and

every little dollar adds that much to the score.

The wire recorder was passed to the radio, and there was a chance, just a chance, that if Willie and Avis had been double-crossing me there'd be something on the wire.

But it was quiet, just gave off a faint scratching like it does when it's wound close, and I could see Willie relaxing and trying to figure out a weak lead.

And then, at the end of the wire, there were just a few words — a woman's voice, saying with terse emotion, "Willie, my darling, it's you

I love, not Todd." And then Willie's voice, whispering, "Don't worry, sweet, we'll brush him off pretty soon."

And there it was, I know, then, Willie had played me for a mark. I tried to choke him, but he's bigger than I am. After a while I gave up and just sat over across the seat from him.

He looked at me. "I don't know what to say, Todd."

"Don't say anything, you damned thief," I told him. "Just get out of here, and never let me see you again."

He got out of the car. He said, "I'll give you my half of this car, Todd, and my other still stands for the Cad."

I started at him. "You want the Cadillac and Avis too? Well, then you can pay for them. Six thousand bucks, and I know you have it. We took more than that in Cincinnati."

So paid out the money, and I gave him the title. I drove him to the hotel parking lot and let him out at the yellow one with the shiny chrome horns. I said, "I want one forever, Willie, for old time's sake. I want to tell that woman off. I want to slap her double-crossing face once."

I could see him wondering if I would do something too violent, but confidence men aren't bilious, and I could see Willie thinking that my actions would be the final thing to work me and Avis up, forever.

He said, "I guess you got that car, but I'll wait here a few minutes."

I said, "I'll take my car around back so I won't see your double-crossing face again. Give me ten minutes."

But it didn't take ten. After five minutes I went out the back of the

hotel and drove out of town. The one thing I didn't figure was that Willie would tip the cops that I had a stolen car, just to gain a little time.

The cops picked me up a hundred miles out of Elk City.

Of course I had the title to the Ford, perfectly legitimate, and Willie hadn't stuck around to press charges, but had vanished with that yellow Cadillac. The trouble was, I had his six thousand bucks on me, and ten thousand of my own, and that was enough to make them hold me for a while.

Willie had just tipped the cops off to give time to get out of there in case I had any ideas of revenge. I don't really think that one last mark will bother anyone and if he doesn't, they ought to give up trying to trace the various thousand bucks and let me out of here in a day or so.

At least, I have Avis to bring me some good leads to read.

You see, Avis had been with me all the time she was supposed to be in Willie's car. She'd been crying, and so at the last moment I changed my plans and let her tag along.

She'd been crying because she'd lost her cash.

So I knew Willie was depending on me, and the whole thing was just a confidence game with me as the mark. The object of the game was to drive me away from Avis and make me sell the car. Well, Willie didn't get Avis. And if he'd only known it, the Cadillac had been in his name since St. Louis.

That was where I'd reorganized the Cadillac.



"O.K. . . . let's try the other house!"







She pointed the finger. "Don't I did this costume well?" We told her she did a lot for the costume, but—rather tactically—we added that she—rather splendidly! Hence the look of indignation she showed here. Mary keeps her energy as a dancer with Rod Carroll, having joined his company, sometime ago and is currently in Hollywood, under contract to Paramount.



We think we won a point about the costume, because Mary seemed doubtful about the costume's ability to stay on in the water. However, we did not mind. We sat on the sand and while we discussed items of interest, we admired her beauty. And, lying in the sand, she certainly looked handsome. Handsome is an understatement. Nothing could Mary beauty.



## ASTHMA IS ON THE RUN

Having trouble with your breathing? Maybe you have asthma — or something worse. See your doctor. These things now can be easily cured.

LAY DAVIS

THERE were three men in the railway carriage. Two of them sat together, chatting of their mutual business, which happened to be the selling of farm machinery. The third, a big fellow, barrel-chested, wide-haired, sat alone near the open window. As the train lumbered through the hot night, the big fellow began to clasp his collar, to rub his eyes and clench his fists.

A few minutes later the train halted at a stop at a wayside station. With the noise of its movement abruptly gone, the two travellers could hear

the hoarse breathing of the other man, a tortured, animal sound.

As they watched, the big man graped in his pocket, brought out a small box, fastened to his fellow passenger. Close at hand, after a second's hesitation, took the box and opened it. Inside was a small hypodermic syringe and two bottles filled with nearly colourless fluids.

The travellers, acting on the big fellow's instructions, sterilized the hypodermic syringe in one of the fluids (methylyated spirit), and then helped the sufferer to inject a certain

current of the other hand into his arm. Within a few seconds the man's laboured breathing had become easier, and a rosy natural colour had returned to his face.

Thus an episode in the life of an asthmatic, one of the tens based on people who have to worry about an attack that should be automatic and easy — their breathing.

Incidentally, the final expected subcutaneously (under the skin) in this case was a sterile solution of adrenaline in the proportion 1:1000. This particular technique is one of the most widely used in the relief of asthmatic attacks. Though many new methods of treatment are becoming available, it seems likely that this method of relief will remain in use for some considerable time.

What is asthma, and what are your chances of getting it?

This is what Dr. David Harold Fink has to say about asthma in his book, "Release from Nervous Tension." Asthma is another name for spasm of the tubes that lead to the lungs. These tubes, or bronchi, are really hollow muscles. When possessed by some substance to which the patient is allergic, the hollow muscular tubes clamp down after contraction, making it impossible for the sufferer to expel the dead air from his chest. He coughs and wheezes until he is red in the face and the veins on his forehead stand out. He feels that he is suffocating, and he looks it.

In the same book, Fink describes his use of what is usually known to scientists as "the Esmarch experiment." A patient rang Dr. Fink one day to tell him that he was suffering from an acute asthmatic attack, brought on by the presence of roses. Dr. Fink prescribed five drops of adrenalin by hypodermic syringe

without result. The patient later called on Dr. Fink to tell him that he felt much better. He appeared to be better, too — until he caught the sight of a bunch of fine red roses which the doctor had deliberately placed in a prominent position. Immediately the patient went into an asthmatic attack, which the doctor relieved by means of an injection.

The patient was malignant. Why on earth had the doctor been so extremely careless as to leave roses around? Dr. Fink calmly took up one of the roses and showed it between his fingers, showing that it was made of tissue paper. Then he explained that the injection had been sterile distilled water, not adrenalin. The asthma had been caused by a nervous, not roses.

Most doctors will agree that asthma is at least partly due to psychological causes. Every highly-strung or occasionally-maligned person may not develop asthma, but persons of the emotional type are more usually prone to suffer from it.

The art of relaxation is useful in asthma against asthma. Asthmatics are usually advised not to laugh too much, or to become otherwise excited.

There are a number of popular misconceptions about asthma. Some of them are dangerous. There is, for instance, the general feeling that allergies are the sole cause of asthma. This is not true. Nor is it true that an allergy may always manifest itself as asthma. Hay fever is one allergy, hives are another.

But here is the dangerous part. That asthma may be due to hay fever, tuberculosis, or cancer of the lung. So be sure to have a free X-ray of your state, often if it's not available, it's worth paying for.

What can be done for asthma if

it suddenly strikes you? There are people are born with it, others don't acquire it till they're growing older.

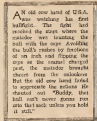
The technique is simple. The medicine makes a number of tiny incisions in the skin of the patient, usually on his arm or his back, then applies an extract of various substances. If a red wheel results, the patient is held to be allergic to the tested substance. The range of substances is pretty complete, ranging from household dust and cat's fur to tomatoes and bananas.

When the offending articles have been discovered, they're eliminated as far as possible from the patient's life. In the case of such things as pollen, the patient is injected with appropriate vaccines over a lengthy period.

The doctor will also recommend drugs such as the old standby, ephedrine. This has been associated with phenobarbital, a sedative, with consequent loosening of the nervousness sometimes resulting from ephedrine taken alone. Benedryl has been tried, with varying results. So too eases, philine. Intravenous injection of eucalyptin has proved equally effective in certain cases. Adrenalin in a solution of oil injected subcutaneously has shown good results. The oil releases the ephedrine slowly through the system, giving a long period of freedom from attack.

There have been a number of other drugs, too. The complexity of many substances is that they seldom become used as a drug and it seems to have any effect.

American doctors, always in the forefront of medical research, have tried a number of new ones. One of these is peroxysperminone. A surprising feature of this treatment lies in the fact that no drugs are used



—except air injected into the abdominal cavity.

It is not claimed that this method will work in every case, but it has definite use, especially in cases where patients are in middle or old age, and have suffered asthma for years, so that their lungs are permanently distended, and their diaphragms have been forced downwards. The injection of air simply pushes the diaphragm back into place, thus making breathing easier. A week later, when the air has been absorbed into the blood stream, a further "injection" is necessary.

Few of us associate ACTH and cortisone with the treatment of asthma. The New England Medical Centre in Boston, Massachusetts, has conducted a number of experiments with ACTH, and has reported that it considers the drug will be one of the best therapeutic agents to be used in the treatment of severe bronchial asthma.

The theory of the use of ACTH is

happily simple. The injection of ACTH, which is an extract of the pituitary gland, causes a great secretion of the adrenal glands. This secretion leads to a feeling of bounding heart and relaxation of the tiny muscles on the bronchial tubes, the contraction of which leads to asthma—the wheezing.

People who underwent experiments at Boston had all tried the more usual forms of treatment with little success. With ACTH asthma was relieved very quickly in the majority of cases. Nearly all cases were quite clear in four or five days, though a few had improved within 24 hours. It was found that the usual wheezing and spitting of phlegm was

quickly reduced. ACTH is effective. Cortisone was fully as effective as ACTH in some cases, a point which is not hard to believe, since it is an extract of the adrenal glands.

What should you do if you think you are getting asthma, or if you have it? Here's a suggested programme laid down by a well-known authority. Do not eat big meals, eat more often if you feel hungry. Do not laugh to excess; do not let yourself be upset. Avoid cold winds. Keep your teeth in good condition. Keep your bowels working. And — most important of all — if you wheeze, see a doctor at once. Remember — it may be asthma, or it may be something worse.



## THE MAGIC MEN OF INDIA

Keep the tables of India's weird tricks they perform and the amazing powers of the Yogis of the Himalayas

PETER HARGRAVES

WYANDENHILLS in far places we much that is strange and inexplicable, even supernatural. Some on all of magazines and which feature in Africa, weird wisdom ceremonies in Bali, fire-walking exhibitions in Fiji and Trinidad, remarkable demonstrations by American Red Indians and famous sorcery and devil-worship in Asia Minor.

Nowhere, however, can be seen such widespread and consistent delight into the occult, such baffling demonstrations of magic and psychic power to confound the skeptic as in India and Tibet, the home of Fakirs and Yogis.

Walking on beds of red-hot coals, lying on surfaces of needle-pointed nails, standing with an arm erect for years until the flesh atrophies and withers away — all these and more can be seen on a stroll down the street in any dirty, smelly Indian city.

A Fakir will appear — seemingly out of the air — at a house where a party or soiree gathering is taking place. He will ask if he may show his magic. Few care to risk his wrath by refusing permission.

He begins with several minor manifestations — perhaps the well-known "Dry Sand Trick."



"Paul visits, with two hot battered cells and a flashlight."

A small bowl is placed before the audience and filled with water. The Fakir takes a handful of sand. He proves that it is dry by blowing some grains away into the air. The rest is poured into the bowl of water.

After wiping his hands on a cloth and showing them empty, he thrusts one hand into the bowl of water and brings it out full of sand.

He squeezes it and shakes his hand. The fingers are opened. The sand is as dry as before he poured it into the bowl of water. He proves so, he blows upon it and it rises to a fine cloud.

Perhaps the Fakir follows this with an exhibition of smoke churning. Then, if he is very good at all, he may perform the celebrated feat of the growing in a few minutes of a four-armed mango tree from a single seed.

"See, sahaba, the flowerpot is empty and unprepared," he pleads out. He then proceeds to fill it with earth, which is sprinkled with water. A mango seed is produced and placed in the earth.

A white cloth is thrown with a flourish over the pot. Strangely, uncollectible murmurs come from the Fakir. In the background, an assistant leads an arrangement with slow, rhythmic thumping on a tam-tam.

Under his turban, the Fakir's hands, beady eyes shrewdly take in his audience. His thin, sensitive hands move with precision and grace through the planting of the seed and the flung of the cloth.

The noise of the tam-tam continues as the Fakir turns his back on his congregation. Several points from his body as he goes forward, hypocritically, at the cloth and what he placed under it. From his lips bubble a torrent of mystic "mantras" or prayers.

Slowly, deliberately, the corner of the cloth is lifted. To the astonishment of the onlookers a tiny green

shoot is poking its way through the earth.

Intuition glances in the Fakir's eyes. "See, already the mango sprouts!" he exclaims. "The almighty (mango power) are strong today. If the sahaba are helpful, soon we will see wonderful things."

The cloth is replaced over the pot. Again the Fakir concentrates and often his "mantras" for speedy growth. When he uncovers the pot a second time, a few inches of the growing mango tree are visible.

Again and again the operation is repeated. Each time the cloth is lifted, the mango tree has grown several additional inches. Finally the Fakir, through overexhaustion, the evident fatigue on his face, bends around the pot for all to see. In it is growing a luxuriant bush more than a foot high.

After a few moments rest for the Fakir, the performance continues — perhaps with the renowned "Basket Trick."

A large oval basket like a huge egg is produced. It has a hole cut in the top. Through the hole the audience is invited to peer to satisfy themselves if it is empty.

The Fakir steps his hands. A small boy appears. He steps into the basket through the hole and stands upright. A large blanket is placed over his head. It is fixed so that it falls down to his heels, covering the basket.

Slowly the boy sinks downward until he disappears into the basket. The Fakir whips away the blanket and places a wooden lid over the opening. An assistant hands him a long tapered sword.

With a wild cry, the Fakir pushes the sword straight into the basket. From it comes an unearthly shriek. The sword is withdrawn and, to an accompaniment of pain-racked screams

and shouts from the basket, it is thrust continually through the wooden.

From the onlookers come murmurs of horror. Women turn pale at the ghastly shrieks. Many shudder with nervous excitement. The sword dips blood each time it is withdrawn.

At last, having wielded the sword from every angle, the Fakir wipes it with a cloth and throws it to an assistant. From the basket the sword gradually becomes soft and slow. Soon they cease and all is quiet.

The Fakir takes the blanket and opens places it over the basket. At the same time, from under it, he removes the wooden lid.

Behind the basket, the Fakir takes up a squinting position on the ground. Again he begins to exclaim. His piercing eyes stare at it as he waves his arms in supplication and begins chanting strange words of exhortation.

The fascinated spectators see a faint stirring take place under the blanket. It begins to rise, slowly, as if drawn up by some strange outside force.

Soon, however, it is apparent that a small hole beneath it is pushing it up. At about three feet from the ground, the progress of the blanket is halted. The Fakir reaches out a hand and pulls it away.

Beneath is the smiling, strange face of the boy who was seemingly cut to pieces. He jumps out of the basket, bows to the audience and runs round to prove he is none the worse for the experience.

Such performances by travelling Fakirs are seen all over India. They expect money in return for the show and threaten to bring the authorities to the house if the amount is not up to their expectations.

Really no more than conjurers, they are the lowest grade of all the mystics and Yogs of the Orient.

Above them are the real Fakirs, who torture themselves by passing their bodies with long daggers and hooks, lying on beds of spikes or nails, or holding their arms aloft until they wither.

These self-torturing Fakirs claim to have attained mental and physical control of their bodies. The facts they can perform, however, are only testimony to the real Yogs of the upper Himalaya regions and Tibet.

Generally healthy, these live in the wilderness, seeking the slightest comfort, allowing to be over 100 years old and capable, if they wish, of performing genuine miracles.

They are contemptuous of the Fakirs who accept money for demonstrating their powers. Correctly, they accuse some of them of trickery. True masters of the occult, they insist, never allow themselves to make a public exhibition.

Indian Fakirs of the self-torturing type are generally bearded and cadaverous, with swollen cheeks and pitting, stumpy eyes. They believe in the atonement of the flesh by suffering.

At Karachi not long ago, one of them lay on a board heated with nails. An animal weighing 250 pounds was placed on his chest. Strong men believed the animal with dagger, sleds-hammer blows. When they were exhausted, the Fakir did off his board and showed there was not a mark or scar on his back.

The death of another Fakir was recently reported from Dehra-dun. For three years he sat cross-legged under a banyan tree and gave himself up to contemplation. During the period, it was reported, he had not touched food, spoken to anyone or moved his position in the slightest.

Probably the best known Fakir of this type was late, dedicated Karshi Boy. His final body was worn out

by the physical suffering he demanded of it and he died in the late 1930's.

Day after day, Harold Roy performed minutes of bodily endurance. For his exhibitions a committee of doctors acted as investigators to ensure there was no trickery.

The Fakir showed them the hairpins, daggers and spikes he proposed to use. One of them would then be asked to take the pins and push them through his chest, throat, tongue, breast and arms — so that they went right through and came out the other side.

Seven doctors looked on as they watched this battery. The pins that were pushed through his chest, Harold Roy allowed to come out through his spread wings, so no one could doubt they had really penetrated the flesh. Others passed

through made of his flesh like shavers in a read of hand.

The Fakir constantly reassured the audience that he felt no pain. Nevertheless, a properties of them invariably faint at such gruesome demonstration.

With his flesh studded with pins, Harold Roy came to the climax and the most amazing exhibition of his power.

Before removing each pin, he would usually say to the company of doctors, "Blood or no blood?"

If they said "Blood," the Fakir would withdraw the pin and blood would flow.

If, however, the command, "No blood," was given, not a drop would flow as the pin was extracted, or at all afterwards.

The wound was almost too tiny

to be seen with the naked eye.

No intense was Harold Roy's will-power, no overpowering his concentration, he was able simply by the control of his mind to control the flow of blood to the puncture left by the pin. Even deep bruises by a dagger could be kept quite dry of blood by the Fakir's concentration.

Like most Fakirs, Harold Roy liked to exhibit his toughness for a cozy session on a bed of spikes. If he wished, he could prevent the needle-sharp points from entering his flesh at all. Alternatively, he could let them pierce him, and even let them be driven deeply into his back by having a man stand on his chest. When he arose, although the holes they had made were plainly visible, there was not a drop of blood.

Harold Roy also possessed amazing power over the working of the organs of his body. Thus, he would call three doctors and detail each to count either the pulse in his right wrist, or in his left wrist, or the beat of his heart.

With any normal person, the beats at the pulse rates are, of course, identical at every spot where they can be felt in the body. So it was with Harold Roy when the doctors made an initial count.

In silence the Fakir would concentrate inwardly to control the beating of his heart. After a minute the doctors would again be asked to count.

They would each report a different finding — perhaps 34 by the man holding the right wrist, 35 by the man on the left, and 36 as the beat of the heart.

Medical men say this is impossible. Those who assisted at Harold Roy's exhibitions in India say it was a trick. Yet not one of them was able to put forward a reasonable explanation of how the trick was performed.

Another popular "trick" or accom-

plishment of the Indian Fakirs is to pervert themselves to be harmed above underground for long periods of time. While thus involved, there is no visible sign of any breathing. Naturally they are dead.

Such burial was part of the repertoire of Harold Roy, as it is of all the top-line Fakirs. To a newspaper reporter he once explained how he attained the trance-like state of suspended animation necessary for the test.

"I first of all concentrate on slowing down my heart," he explained. "If my blood circulated at the normal speed, I should be dead in no time. Just as you would be, I have to slow down my heart until it beats only a few times a minute. After this has been done, I blank my mind and go into a sort of trance-like sleep."

"Then, when I feel this state coming on, I press very strongly on certain spots at the sides of my neck with my thumbs, my tongue runs backwards into my throat; my body becomes rigid as cataplexy. With a grating intake of breath, I fall backwards over the arms of my assistants, who bury me. From that moment I know nothing until I am dug up and covered again."

To master this technique of attaining a deathlike trance requires long and dangerous training and practice. Old Fakirs act as teachers and at first prevent the trainees to enter the state for only a few minutes at a time.

Before bringing on the trance, they lie on hot sands and are closely watched. At the first sign of the body perishing, they are aroused immediately, as it is a danger sign. If all is well, the body remains dry, and the heart beats so slowly that it cannot be felt. The Fakir in this a bear as a turtle hibernating.

There is constant risk to all such



"Does the light from the radio bother you, dear?"



because "I can not my mind like a clock if I want to," one Fakir has explained, "to wake up at a certain time, just as you do when you want to wake up at a certain hour in the morning."

"Then, if my assistants did not dig me up promptly, I should be dead very soon. The safest way is to set the mind for an indefinite period of hours, so that I remain conscious until revived. I have to depend on my assistants then too; otherwise I would remain in that state until I died."

The Yogis of India and Tibet are the real magic men. To them the tricks and physical sufferings of the Fakirs are unworthy tests of the powers of the mind. They believe that the human body is the "temple of the spirit" and should be kept in the best possible condition. To release the body is marriage to the Yogi.

Yogis have reached the highest planes of human wisdom. They lead lives of contemplation, generally high in the Himalayas. Neither the cold nor wild animals trouble them.

There is no case on record of one of these concerned men being attacked by any of the marauding animals for which India is renowned.

Similarly, they are not bothered in the wilderness by freezing weather. They wear only thin cotton garments—or nothing at all—and generate their own body heat by yoga exercises. They claim these not only warm the body, but melt the snow to a certain distance round them.

Yogis' reputed powers are almost beyond ordinary comprehension, many of them claim to have lived for centuries by controlling their bodies. In the same way, they can die at will, should they feel so inclined.

They are amazingly clairvoyant and can read the thoughts not only of

those people present but of anyone anywhere. They can predict the future and see events actually happening in other places like a human television set.

Any real yogi will tell you he can walk upon water and raise his body from the ground in the action of levitation. Some are said, alternatively, to be able to leave their bodies behind them and wander where they will without the earth without them.

The true Yogi is not interested in exhibitions of his powers, only in his own mental development. They believe in a "Universal Mind," with which it is possible to become one and thus "know and feel all."

To the Yogis the most important single factor in attaining this ideal is to cleanse the body of its impurities and make it perfect. They wash it inside and out.

Thus, according to their rules, the stomach is cleansed by swallowing a strip of cloth—12 feet long and three inches wide—moistened in warm water. After "churning" the stomach during the ten minutes it is inside, the cloth is withdrawn inch by inch.

Caring for their bodies meticulously, Yogis eat sparingly of only the toughest foods. They fast and learn to control every nerve and muscle.

With their minds they strive for "Detachment." This means they leave to one nothing for the world, its material possessions, its goods and chattels.

"To all Yogis," it has been said, "the only things of value are the things of the mind and spirit. They are lasting and real, while material things are not."

With that philosophy, and its consequent stern self-discipline, there was men of the Eastern world have developed instincts, powers, capacities and perceptions to a degree beyond the understanding of ordinary men.



# pointers to better health

## PAINLESS INJECTIONS

How many children, or for that matter, adults, have been afraid of the needle when an inoculation is required? You need worry no longer. Dr. H. L. Mueller, of the Children's Hospital, Boston, has come up with a painless injection. He has incorporated a small, automatic refrigeration unit in the hypodermic equipment. When the tip of the device is pressed against the skin, a quantity of frozen gel contained in a cartridge flows into a chamber and cools the tip in about five seconds. After the tip is held against the skin for about 40 seconds, the area where the injection is to take place is cooled to about 50 degrees. Then the needle is inserted. Doctor Mueller has used the device for about 5000 injections and he reports that a single cartridge supplies enough frozen gel for about 25 injections.

## HYPOCHONDRIACS

People these days are becoming a sort of hypochondriacs, according to Dr. Herbert Rastow, of Illinois. And he is right. We are spending too much time worrying about our health and diseases, instead of doing something to positively promote good health. Dr. Rastow said, "We hear 1 out of 5 dies of cancer. Other organizations

said that 1 out of 10 dies of other diseases. The fact is that 1 out of 1 dies of something." We've become a "vitamin-taking, steroid-conscious, barbiturate-addicted, aspirin-flavored benzodrine-stimulated animal," he says.

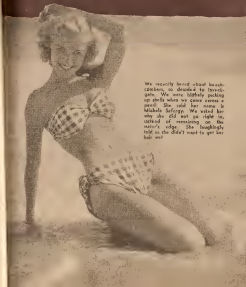
## CLEFT PALATE

Cleft palates and bone abnormalities in infants may be due to a shortage of the vitamin riboflavin in the diet, according to Dr. Walter J. Peinen, of the U.S.A. Public Health Service dental division. In a report to the American Association of Orthodontists, he stated that in a study on rats, one quarter of those kept on a riboflavin-deficient diet showed skeletal deformities. A high proportion had cleft palates.

## MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

Multiple sclerosis can be benefited if the patient is restricted in fatty foods, says Dr. R. L. Swank, of Montreal, Canada, in "Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry." Scandals are particularly pronounced if the fat limitation is started early in the disease. Dr. Swank said no patients were cured by the diet, but there was a general improvement in their condition and their ability to work in jobs had increased.

# Beachcombing for Pearls

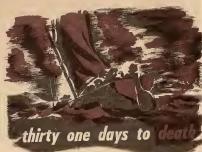


We recently heard about beachcombers, so decided to investigate. We were literally picking up shells when we came across a pearl. She told her name is Mikala Selberg. We asked her why she did not go right in, instead of remaining on the water's edge. She laughingly told us she didn't want to get her hair wet.

Taking her time to go away, he hastily -dashed into swimming trunks. Throwing away the talk, he went after the pearl. But Michèle did not like the idea of being dashed on. He dashed into the sea, with her hands on her head. Everywhere, she didn't want to get her hair wet.

At the moment of her, we came right on it. She tipped and fell backward. She still clutched her hair, hoping to keep it from the water, while we groined for a shower. We said it was what we did because in the end, that hair got wet. Michèle's hair was wet.





## thirty one days to death

For 31 days the five men survived sea and hunger before sighting land. Then four died

THE first blast of tempest whipped across the tiny rowing boat with the blown spray when Jim Muir panicked the big tin of beans and found the food beside water and putrid. That single act of opening the tin with a jack-knife meant starvation for the five men on board the twenty-two foot whalerboat, and a big squatter in their carefully-laid navigational plans.

The five were from the crew of a U.S. navy ship that had some ground on deserted Ocean Island, in the Pacific, and they were trying to reach Hawaii to bring a rescue vessel. The boat was 1200 miles long for them, and their food went back in the first hundred miles.

The navy ship, a paddle-wheeled

steamer called the *Sargass*, had been on a voyage to Midway Island, blasting a passage through the reef there to make an entrance to a natural port. The contractor's men on board swilled the numbers to 32.

The *Sargass* ran on to the reefs surrounding Ocean Island before dawn on October 23, 1913, battering itself to pieces on the uncharted coral and rocks in a few minutes. The crew and officers crowded to the safety of the beach and left a colored steward still clapped in jaws in the brig.

The captain, Lieutenant Commander Montgomery Seward, made a permanent camp and assumed their position. They had enough food for three months, if it was diled out in

quarter rations. Water was no problem, for the engineers made a crude distiller from a small boiler and speaking tubes from the bridge.

There was just one catch salvaged from the ship. It was used to light a fire that was never put out.

Seward realized their position was grim. They might eat on the island for years; even if the navy sent a ship to look for them they wouldn't think of calling at Ocean Island, 33 miles away from Midway, in the wrong direction. They would have to send for help. The alternative was to stay and die of starvation.

At an officers' meeting, it was decided to send the pig across the 1000 miles of ocean to the Sandwich Islands for help. The pig, an ocean-going beast, was pulled up the beach and converted for deep-sea sailing. With seals and walrus skin moved from the *Sargass* the passengers rubbed the sides 12 inches, deeded the whole boat over and built in four hatches, stopped and stopped two seats and hand-sewed a raft of canvas.

Instruments for navigation were a problem, because the ship's sextant had been lost. An engineer made another from the face of a broken steam gauge which had circular markings. To complete it he used scraps of steel and fragments of a television mirror . . . but it worked.

In the pig was loaded 30 pounds of water and 2 days' supply of full rations . . . and but for insurance of the weather about sailing, then a new and shabby way of preserving food, it would have been enough.

There were five volunteers to sail the pig. Lieutenant John Talbot, second-in-command of the *Sargass*, was the leader. The others were Halford, the coxswain, Peter Francis, the quartermaster and John Andrews, a sea-hardened Yankee from Boston

and James Muir, a dear Scotchman, two men from the floating contractor's party.

They set off on Friday, November 15, 1913. Talbot took with them a tin despatch case with an official report of the shipwreck, a bill of exchange for \$200 and letters home from the crew. The job seemed simple — all he had to do was deliver it at the Sandwich Islands, 1000 miles by sailing route.

The first three days passed uneventfully. On Monday, the fourth day, Muir broke open the tin of beans.

Talbot broke open the rest of the stored food. It was all bad. They ate some of the revolting decayed stuff. Five minutes later Talbot was on his stomach on the stern of the boat, throwing his meal up into the sea.

Next morning they tried again. Halford and Francis preferred to go hungry. Talbot kept it down only two minutes. Half-way through the day Andrews and Muir were doubled up with acute poisoning, lying in the cramped space between the bottom boards and the decking, writhing in pain.

"Throw the damned stuff overboard," Talbot ordered.

Five days out, when Muir and Andrews were still helplessly with food poisoning, the first storm struck suddenly from the west. It was the first of many gales that howled and the bare masts of the cockle-shell and tore the sea into angry combbers that threatened to engulf them. As the sea grew so violent strength, they found both after both appearing in the decking. A sudden push of water put out the weak flame of the spare lantern — and they were left without light between decks or fire to cook the little food they had left.

They holed every watch, and tried snuffing up the leaks with rag from

ATHOL YEGMANS

their clothes but now grubs appeared as they poked the soil.

The days went past, and with it the food. The rats were lashed into the hips, the mice were washed away, the hardtack bread went moldy, in the end they had nothing left but desiccated potato and wheat.

As the storms drove at them they began to lose their strength. The picking of the hull on the rough waves and the scream of wind nearly drove them mad with exhaustion; even spread on their laps from continued wetting and stayed open and festering.

It was Halford who retained enough strength to steer and fight the sea, he took watch after watch, determined to beat the swirling waves that crashed on them for hour after hour, day after day.

Talbot no longer had strength to calculate their position by observation, although he still kept the dead reckoning, on the third day they shifted their course north for the run to the Sandwiches. The weather eased, although the sea still rolled with high waves.

In the middle of a heavy sea, Talbot nearly saw the end of the venture. They struck a mammoth floating log, nearly split, but a follower wave picked them up and backed them on. Then Francis, cowering forward along the deck, fell overboard. He grabbed the little flaking line as he went past, swimming in the wake. The line held, but it took the combined strength of the others to haul him in again.

Muir and Andrews were seriously ill with dysentery and vomiting although there was no food in their stomachs. Talbot also was ill.

Their fifth day in the open sea came, with the shredded sails pulling the boat along wearily. Talbot was

stinking below when he heard a man scream, a long terrifying shriek like an animal. He crawled forward and in the light from a hatch saw Francis crouched on all fours, gibbering. He had gone mad.

The others jumped the boards, held him down, fed him the last of the desiccated potato and gave him a drink of water. He returned to sanity.

That day they kindled a fire again, keeping the sea through a hole from the hammocks on to a piece of canvas. But there was no food left.

On the fifth day they ran through a school of flying fishes, and caught a half-dozen. It kept them going through the night, and the next morning they sighted land — the farthest island of the Sandwich group.

That was Friday, December 14. On Saturday they were still trying to beat upward to a landing. At midnight Sunday Halford took his watch, and they started to beat in to the entrance to Hercules harbor.

They were too weak and exhausted to care. The despatch case was all that mattered to Talbot, and he went below to try to sleep and forget the voyage. He woke late that night and went up to take his watch. Halford went below, and Talbot knew in an instant more down and shut all ventilation.

The next thing Halford could see was the long, grey lift of canvas breaking sailing in under the hull. He scrambled up and saw that they were in the port.

Before they could raise the gig the long swell broke. A long Pacific wave curled up under them, lifted the gig high and flung it shoreward in a last cruel truck.

The gig turned turtle, Andrews and Francis were plucked off into the sea,

Talbot hung to the hull as they rose towards the crest and the beach. Halford was holding on to the bows, and Muir was trapped underneath. Talbot tried to drag himself up the hull, lost his grip, and was swept into the sea.

The gig righted again, and Muir crawled up through the hatch. Then it capsized again as they hurried over the shallow reef. The masts went like matchwood and the hull stove in, and the breakers drove them into the quiet water of the lagoon. Muir drowned also.

Halford stood up in shallow water stark naked, with a nasty head wound. Muir was a wreck, his face black and his jaws working spasmodically. He had gone mad, those last few minutes of terror being too much for him.



"You spotted a weakness! He drags his guard every time you go down!"

The cruise of the gig ended at 2:29 a.m. on Monday, December 15. It drove out from Ocean Island. Halford captured the boat of the few things that were undamaged and collapsed on the beach.

In the morning he awoke to find himself alone. Further down the beach lay Muir, dead, surrounded by canvas natives. There was no trace of the others—they had drowned.

Halford got help, delivered the despatch case, and a steamer rescued the castaways on January 2, 1913. The gig and Talbot's rough coat are preserved in the U.S. Naval Academy as a record of the task of the men who sailed 1808 miles to perish in the surf at Kaiti Beach.



"I guess it's all over between us. I used to think of him as dreamy — now I consider him unconscious."

# WOMAN PIRATE OF CHINA

KURT SINGER



Pirates still frequent the seas around China and the most powerful is a woman. She rules the seas like a dictator and no one can even take her photo.

HONGKONG is a shopping paradise, you can buy anything there from U.S. set pieces to Russian caviar, from French perfumes to black market dollars. Now that the rich Chinese refugees have come from Shanghai there is plenty of unaccounted money floating around—Hongkong has developed into Asia's most successful boom-town. The city is smiling with prosperity. The shops are jammed with everything money can desire. You can have everything from hand-axes, rifles, opium, bathing suits, cameras and watches. The Consul of Tanzania has found his counterpart in Hongkong—surrounded by war in

Korea, China, Formosa and Indo-China.

In this city, within reach, within sight, sound and smell, the rich and the poor live as brother neighbors and as they say "on borrowed time." Neither millionaires nor paupers know how long it will last.

In the Chinese districts live the real poor—no tourist attractions are there to see, no Cock's turkeys through the narrow, winding vertical streets. The wooden balconies of the houses are decorated with washing. These houses have no courtyards, no toilets, no bedrooms, and only one common kitchen to serve up to fifteen fami-

ins. The treatments are free-of-charge and expensive. Hundreds of children play in their streets with no dirt and dust. You see street sweepers—the human vacuum who live off the garbage men from the big hotels.

This is Hongkong, the city whose world history is made and whose espionage centers have established their secret headquarters, their harbor espionage, their printing offices, their communication squads and their passport mills.

A group of American Intelligence officers landed here in 1931 with the almost intimated task to discover the blockade runners, the organization of Chinese smugglers and pirates. Veterans of the Pacific they began their search for the Buccaneers of the China Sea and they started operations "Yellow Sea."

It all began with stopping a freighter bound for Hongkong. The captain of the British 1400-tonner M.S. Mallory, steaming through the Yellow Sea, had never before seen such a strange dog. It had eight stars on his side on a red background; a sun, a hammer and sickle and the emblem of the Chinese Nationalist. It was a creature of many heads.

The word "coal" had startled the Britisher to stop. About twenty-five men from her boarded the Mallory. All were heavily armed with the latest American machine-guns. They were in caps and torn uniforms, and among them were Chinese, Koreans, Formosans and Manchurians. Their leader spoke flawless English.

A few hours later these unknown men, grates of the twentieth century, had transferred the Mallory's entire freight to their own ship.

Then in August, 1932, a British ship, going home to Hongkong, received the following malicious and blackmailing letter:

"Your freighter due to depart

August 23, 1932, will be attacked and looted on August 28. Should you postpone departure of the ship, the attack will take place in connection with the change. You can ensure the ship's safety by sending the following announcement of a mortgage notice in three Chinese newspapers in Canton. 'Darned with whom, even tooth, long hair, pleasant disposition, open as blue as a water rose and with the voice of a bird, seeks spouse who can use \$50,000 Hongkong dollars.' One day after the notice is published, and a messenger wearing a wide-brimmed hat and carrying \$5,000 dollars wrapped in a newspaper to the Red Pinks tea-room in Canton. It would be useless to arrest our agent who will recover the package, for he is only a poor scoundrel without understanding."

The British shipping company paid up. They put the notice in and handed over the \$5,000 dollars in the tea-room. The police were powerless.

For months similar letters were found in the mail of big Hongkong companies or were slipped under doors in Portuguese Malacca or Canton. According to the British Naval Police, the grates of the China Sea and adjacent waters collect each year anything from sixteen to thirty-three million Chinese dollars by this extortion.

On January 11, fifteen pirates posing as passengers forcibly took command of the Kiang Fats, ranging between Hongkong and Canton. They collected \$50,000 dollars, snatched greetings to Canton and escaped unrecognized.

Not very long ago pirates took over a steamer running between Malacca and Canton, and by robbery won a hundred passengers got away with \$1,000 dollars.

Pirate groups are extremely well organized, and through their agents in the game of high blackmail are pre-

pared to meet the shipowners more than half way. Ships are wanted before they are due to leave port, and should the owner pay the sum demanded, his ship will be protected against the Chinese Nationalists or Communist patrol boats. If the vessel is attacked by stealthy gangs the collectors of blackmail will come to its defense.

When the Kiang Shipping Company agreed a service between Hongkong and Canton, the pirates demanded \$50,000 dollars protection money per year. This important request was refused. Soon afterwards, in a narrow place on High Island near Canton, a mine exploded less than ten feet away from where the ship was berthed. It destroyed dynamite and wrecked the steering-gear. A few nights later another mine exploded on the Yeh-shih passage, heavily damaging another of the company's vessels and killing seventeen passengers and injuring many others.

British, American and the big Chinese companies flying the Pan-American flag have long defended the bridges of these vessels with steel plate and barbed wire. Officers are armed and a machine-gun is mounted on the bridge. But when sailors and crew are mostly Chinese, these precautions are only effective if the pirates are not already aboard and posing as loyal sailors.

Modern Chinese pirates are skilled in the use of hand grenades and American machine-guns. Their yachts are motorized to out-distance fast police-boats.

The pirates' richest hunting-ground lies between the Bay of Hsin, some thirty-one miles north-east of Hongkong, and Malacca. Strongholds are the Bay of Hsin, and three small fortified islands on the north coast of the great mouth of the Pearl River.

#### BADLY BENT

A hard-working dogger,  
Who on Friday is paid,  
Put on ad in the paper,  
(By necessity made!).

"My financial position tells  
me with tears,  
"For every Tuesday I'm flat;  
"I would like any exchange  
of small loans  
"With one who's paid Wed.  
and broke Sat."

—AH-EM

Only a few of the leaders are really well known. One of the most dangerous operating between Shanghai and Singapore, according to U.S. Intelligence, is a woman, thirty-five years of age, well educated, courageous and attractive. She wears star-shaped earrings suggested with diamonds, smokes her cigarettes out of a carved ivory cigarette-holder, carries two pistols in her handbag and a third strapped to the middle of her left leg. Her records are filed in police headquarters at Canton, Hongkong, Malacca and Bangkok. But no picture of her exists. She is queen of over fifty pirate ships and fifteen hundred men.

Madame has imagination coupled with a fair share of recklessness. In 1931, when looting expeditions were returning with meagre rewards, she had a sudden inspiration. Every night she would send twelve of her men out in a fat-bottomed barge equipped with a steam launch. During several trips they managed to pull to the surface great lengths of the underwater reserve cable between Hongkong and

Singapore. The copper and steel was then stripped off and sold at a big price in the black market.

In December of the same year Madame was responsible for an even worse daring raid. With seven fully armed junks she followed in the wake of the Dutch steamer, Van Heuts, on route from Canton to Swatow. On a stormy night they boarded the Dutchman and stayed on board fifty different hours. They destroyed radio and telephone communications.

Police testimony revealed that every passenger was ordered into the first-class cabin, where handbags and pockets were searched. When returning downed over the Yellow Sea, Madame escaped with loot to the value of \$12,000 dollars.

The Hongkong police files tell us that Madame learned the trade from her husband. She had been a well-known dancer in Canton when an official of the Chinese central government, met, Wang Kungchi, married her in 1929. Wang came from Hankow with piles of kuyang and every bag filled with Chinese dollars. Madame travelled to Makao with him. In 1940 Wang was already king of the pirates working for China and Japan. By 1948 Wang had amassed a fortune estimated at seventy million Chinese dollars as a result of his activities, which included looting, murder, espionage and blackmail.

But in 1946 the Portuguese colonial police became tougher and Wong's income began to shrink. Finally he had to be satisfied with attacks on anti-sexy junks.

One night Wong seized three fish-bellied ships about twelve miles out of Hongkong. Immediately he came alongside. Wong's men went on board. But the pirate's luck had run out. The junks were manned by tough, battle-tested British commandos. They

fought for twenty minutes and Wong lost. Wounded, he escaped in a boat, but fell into the hands of a Communist partisan chief, who handed him over to Makao police for twenty thousand patens. Two days later Wong tried to escape and was shot and died in the gutter.

On the following afternoon the elegant Madame Wang, with her cigarette-holder and three pencils, relaxed in her husband's headquarters on the Bay of Tins. She had taken over.

Madame knew how to handle even the threat of her husband's going. In the opium dens and gambling houses of Makao word went round that Madame had succeeded her husband as pirate leader. She is a shrewd even and knows how to take care of her interests. Now and then she gambles—always for enormous stakes. She still runs these narrow waters. But Madame is careful. She knows the British and Portuguese police would like her help. Either would pay 1000 dollars just for her picture. So far no one has been able to turn the reward.

Madame just doesn't like to be photographed. Furthermore, she shoots faster than any photographer.

The day President Eisenhower removed the U.N. Naval blockade and the Nationalist Government of China was encouraged to begin commands raids against the Chinese mainland, the Government Mao Tse Tung sprang offshoot unfilled funds to the pirates of the China Sea.

So, the Chinese underworld becomes an integral part of the Communists in China, its newest allies are the best harbor upon the world has ever seen "Operation Yellow Sea", a only military. The last Chinese pirate and Battle of Spies has not been fought yet.



## EMOTIONS IN THE DRESSING ROOM

Two fighters assault one another in the ring. But these fighters are humans with strong emotions which are revealed in the dressing room.

RAY MITCHELL

THE ground out in the stadium, presently waiting for the fighters to put in an appearance. There was a buzz of sound of talk, rustle of sweat bags and movement of clothing, from the thousands who were seated or making their way to their seats.

To-night was a fight night and these fans were in attendance to witness what they hoped would be a good fight. A happy crowd laughed, swapped yarns of the great fighters of the past. And men in shirt sleeves, standing, looking around the assembled faces in their immediate vicinity and trying to get into the big fight. A cool here and the hot is

hot, and the other says "I am backing Green to win. That's right?" And the answer "That's right mate. You are not for a fever at even."

And while these people, who have come to be entertained by the crash of gloves against flesh, by the strategy of the champion or the lifting power of the challenger, the preliminary bores are being watched, surrounded by their friends in the dressing room. Their managers are wiping their hands their boxing boots are laced upon their feet their trunks are adjusted over the post-meal drink.

The taping is complete and the boys are sitting on the table, listening to

instructions from the chief seconds. The kids are nervous, but trying to remain calm. Some are joking, but the jokes are forced. Others are sitting quietly. All are turned while they await their call. Then it comes: The dressing rooms streamed onto the first two beds to go over. The seconds put the kids on the back, wash them back, and follow them through the door, down the "last rule" to the ring. The seconds carry towels and feet and last — and they hope they do not have to use the collision.

The preliminary fighters enter the ring and sit down quietly. The weight cards are handed and the announcer calls the names and weights over the loud speaker system. The crowd gives a few cheers of encouragement. They like a good fight, but they regard the routine as a fill in while the main event horses get ready.

If the preliminary boys turn on a good fight they are cheered — and forgotten, unless those boys show championship qualities which could be developed if the fight is very good, they receive a shower of coins from the ring-side — and perhaps a bonus on top of their usual rate from the promoters.

And while these boys are fighting up there on that piled platform, the main event horses are in their dressing rooms. Each occupies a room to himself and handlers. They have been there close half an hour before the first problem. These horses worked in at 1 p.m. and were examined by the doctor. Now, and in trouble and boots, they are lying on a table with a blanket over each. But some horses differ. Vic Patrick liked to sit and joke with his handlers and he never minded how many of his friends were present.

This pre-fight feeling takes many forms. All are keyed up, but they show it in different ways. Tommy

Burns liked to be quiet, or go to sleep. Freddie Dawson is always edgy and sure, if anyone says the wrong thing he will snap at the offender. That, of course, is not the actual Freddie, who is a quiet, squable fellow. But, when a man is about to fight, he is naturally nervous. Not that he is afraid of taking punches, that worries no fighter, because he does not feel the punches like the spectators think he does.

A case of a man who never felt the usual pre-fight nerves was Andre Panarchis, the French lightweight who was campaigning in Australia in 1936-37. He was careless personified before a bout.

There are and have been many fighters who cannot fight their best until the early rounds are over, due to entering the ring "cold." Some of these fighters spend some time warming up in their dressing room. Freddie Dawson does this in cold weather, but Max Baer used to warm up in any weather for anything up to half an hour before he entered the ring. Max was a notoriously slow starter and he used to lie up to 15 minutes in his dressing room prior to entering the ring to have a further 15 retreats.

When Max was in his dressing room awaiting the call to go into action against Primo Carnera, the world heavyweight champion, he appeared unusually for half an hour. The champion's manager came to the door of Baer's dressing room and knocked. Upon being told to enter, he came in to find a sweating man rapidly punching everything in sight. The manager's eyes popped. "Is a mad?" he said. "Mad," Baer laughed and said: "Tell that million head of yours that I am going to take his tale, is-right? See that?" — and he leaped out at a steel cupboard with his fist — "I am

going to hit Primo with a right like that and he will hit the floor."

Max was right, he set Primo on the canvas 12 times in 11 rounds in win by K.O.

The time has come for the main event horses to enter the ring. All the preliminaries are over and the weight cards have been handed over the corner. The crowd stands to cheer straggled horses. Then the main event horses enter the "last rule" stand and make an appearance and is greeted with cheers and sometimes a few boos. He jumps lightly through the ropes, waves or bows to the crowd and sits down. Then the other appears and is met with similar applause, the greater ovation being given the more popular fighter. The dressing gowns are slipped down from their shoulders and the gloves are adjusted. A second from the other corner is watching the operation; he wants to ensure that the padding around the knuckle part of the glove is not broken.

The crowd is restless and an unusual form of anticipation is shared. The referee calls the fighters to ring

center and issues instructions. "You know the rules. Do not break them. In the event of a knockdown, I want the other man to go to the furthest neutral corner and to stay there until I say 'box on.' If there are any breaches of the rules I will deduct points from the offender and I will give a warning. After three warnings, I will chastise the offender. Any fighter knocked will merit disqualification immediately. When I say 'break' I want a clean break. But, remember, protect yourselves at all times, and come out fighting."

The bell and the fight is on. And the crowd roars according to the course of the fight. Where there are thrills the crowd will cheer, shout, and even stand up on their seats. If the fight is a hard one, the crowd will yell, call out "throw them out," and shout out the fighters.

And when the fight is over and the horses prepare to leave the ring, the winner receives lap and loud applause — if the crowd thinks he deserves it. There are cheers for the loser, too, the amount depending on whether he turned in a good fight.



"Let's face it, Ed. This constant belching isn't getting us anywhere."



or, in the crowd's opinion, received a bad deal) when the decision went against him.

The dressing room is searched and the boxes set on the table while their handlers remove the tapes from their hands. If the fight were a serious one, the fighters will lie down and rest under a blanket before showering.

The mood in the dressing rooms is different from the mood before the fight. There is jubilation in the winner's room and a quiet sadness in the loser's. Sometimes there is indignation in the room of the loser. If the verdict was a close one. "We were robbed," keep the handlers of the loser.

Sometimes the fighters release pent-up emotions — pain or tears. Andre Fieserich, a really tough guy, was stopped by Jack Hansen in three rounds at Spelley Stadium. Andre was not put on the floor, but time was cut so badly that the referee stopped the contest and declared Hansen the winner. Fieserich protested to the ref in an uncertain tone. "I am all right," he shouted. "Why did you stop it?"

Andre ran back to his dressing room in a frenzy, and when he reached it he cried and heart into tears. "Why did he stop it? Hansen was not hurting me. I would have gone on and won." Then he slumped his fat through the shower-bath well.

When Sugar Ray Robinson lost to Joe Maxim in the 11th round in an attempt to join Maxim's light-heavy title, he was in a coma in the dressing room. Ray had that fight won, but failure to pace himself in the previous bout caused his collapse at the end of the 11th round. The referee stopped the fight and Ray was resting when he reached his dressing room. Mayor of New York Vincent Ingraham, a friend of Ray, went into the

dressing room and implored Robinson to quit fighting. Ray, unable to encourage his friend and being unable to control his senses, greeted the plea with a host of swelling adjectives. He did not know what he was doing and when told later, he went around to the Mayor's room and personally apologized. They are still friends.

A great fighter was Henry Armstrong—once. He held these world titles at the same time in 1923, a feat never duplicated in ring history, and he lost the last — the welter, to Frankie Lugo, when Henry was paid his last handsome bank received the hammering that night and he was badly battered. Eric came into his dressing room to see how Henry was doing and he saw the battered features being stitched by the doctor.

Eric moved over to the table and took Armstrong's hand in both his. "How do you feel, Henry?" he asked. "O.K.," replied Armstrong. Eric was filled with joy as he saw him there with his features unrecognizable. Tears filled his eyes as he whispered: "You are the greatest fighter that ever lived."

Missing in a sport of emotions Two men hammer each other for glory and money and they shake hands in the friendliest spirit after it is over. They joke with each other after the fight and their sympathies with each other, Tommy Burns and Mickey Tella, who fought three hectic fights, used to celebrate at a night club after their rounds upon each other. And they teased each other in kermesse.

And when the boxes leave the stadium, the winner has a large crowd of well-wishers to stop him back and ask for his autograph. The loser? There are always more friends to offer condolences, but that is all. The moved down a winner.

## A JOB FOR



Goodtime Joe and Charlie had to take care of a squeler. But Joe still had to have fun—before and after the job.

BY ARCY MILAND

FICTION

WELL, that's the boy. Goodtime Joe McGlusky. The mind that records as a straight line on an oscillograph. The Pittsboro Man in a drupe suit, nylon undersweat, and hair that come at night doctors a pop. A meditative manner that can demolish a flock in five minutes flat with the roar of a chow from Wagner's knolls the principal tool operating between phis and mouth. Put a gun in his hand, give him an instinct, yes, and the job is as good as done.

Have you got the picture? Right.

At 120 he slumped at the dairy hotel, swathed about by the backwash of the city. He tumbled up the stairs, knuckled on the door. There was no response, but when he bent the keyhole framed an image of the woolly man in slacks, sitting still like a robot startled by danger.

"Hey, Charls," said Goodtime Joe. "O's me, Joe. Open up." He gave a laugh. He looked back again, not through the keyhole, but at it. His

laughed again. Had the shape of a belly all right, where the waist was out and the hips take over.

The door opened, and fat chuckled, screwy shouldered. Chilla gave his trademark smile. Goodtime Joe smiled in.

"Where the hell you been?" he boomed. "Shit, or something?"

"You said it," Chilla told him, closing the door and giving his body a tap. "Thank I got something wrong in here. Day all the time, can't keep any tracks down. I been crook for a week."

"You took your time answering the door," Goodtime Joe rapped the little man on the shoulder and winked. "Don't tell me you got a belly getting under your hair?"

Chilla shrugged and brought on his smile again. He didn't say anything. Goodtime Joe now neither laugh. "You can relax for my way if you have. They can't peek me enough." He cracked his knuckles, smiling, the big round eyes shining. He took off his hat and thrust it on the bed. He took a comb from his vest pocket and, stanced before the wardrobe mirror, began to groom his hair.

Chilla dropped on the bed, sighing deeply. "Nice of you to sleep around and see a man."

Goodtime Joe didn't stop giggling himself. "Bumma, hey."

"Bumma?"

"Yeah. Well, I dunno! I told that bloody barber not to take too much off the top. Look at that."

"Looks okay to me. What business, Joe?"

"That hard job at Slattery's, Fat Fellow."

"Yeah?"

"Been found out who blew the grill," Goodtime Joe said, encouraging a curl. "Look at that. . . won't sit up! Not enough hair. That half-rotted wool cap! Just wait till it be-

comes. What do you reckon?"

He turned for an appreciation. Little Chilla was sitting upright on the bed, looking at him from a fixed, wary face on which the sweet, pleasant. He had a day's growth shadow, big his jaw.

He smiled. "Looks fine. You're too deep."

Goodtime Joe turned back to the mirror for a last concentrated inspection.

"You were saying about the beer . . ." Chilla prompted.

"Yeah," Goodtime Joe grinned, his hair on his mind. "Fat Willie, it was."

"What? Fat Willie? There was a sharper note in Chilla's voice. He looked with a shrewd acquiring expression as though the name had shocked him. "Been absolutely sure about that?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Goodtime Joe said, smiling, forgetting his coffee troubles with belated impatience. "He said, you know what to do, Joe. Pick up Chilla and take him with you. So you work it out if he's sure or not."

"He got to fix him?"

"Sure have," Goodtime Joe said down with a luxurious grunt. "Got anything to drink, Chilla?"

"Well, what a hair?" Chilla jumped up with a grin. There was little movement in his little body. He sat down with two bottles off the bar, knocked the top off one with a down and poured the beer. His eyes glowed. He said with a vicious contentment.

"You know I never liked that Mike, Willie. He always had that something—I dunno what it is—about him, didn't he? You know what I mean, Joe?"

"No, he had me fooled. I always liked him."

"Oh, you, he was a miserable sort of a bloke. I'm not saying he wasn't. But, you know, too plausible. Knew

all the answers. Too smart for his own good." He took a gulp. "Must be why he'd do a thing like that, though. What would he get out of it?"

"Might get twenty smokers from the dunnies and a promise to leave him alone."

"Spore the beer in down road about it?"

"What do you think?" Goodtime Joe said. "Three of the boys picked up and the job looked. What do you think?"

"Yeah," reflected Chilla. "The beer."

"Not a bad drop, that."

"No, all right. What's the set-up, Joe? Is Willie in smoke?"

"He thinks he is," Goodtime Joe passed the remainder of the glass with the sake of a waterfall. "Somebody must have tipped him off that the beer had him nailed, and he cleared. He didn't even wait to try to do any explaining."

"Don't don't like explanations, I don't blame Willie," Chilla said with a grin, ruffling the glasses. "You cracked him down, though?"

"What? Yeah, he's hooked up out in the sidewalk. In a workhouse. Council say it's a putdown. The poor man doesn't know a thing." He burst into a roar of laughter. "Doing for himself out there like a little kid. Can't you see him? Apron on. Cuffs on the hair!" The laughter doubled on itself at the remark of the smart on Goodtime Joe's mind. "Don't it make you guess?"

"You know where this place of Willie's is?"

"Sure thing."

Chilla put on a smile. Then his cat Goodtime Joe caved on his hat, looked at himself in the mirror, and with a smile of admiration turned away. At the door, before opening it, he said to the little man at his elbow: "Get your razor?"

Chilla pulled the bulb over his head. "In here."

They walked down the street. Goodtime Joe swung along with a wrestler's stride. Chilla took short fast steps. Goodtime Joe brushed shoulders against women approaching, apologetic, turned back for a waving sight of legs and a plausible approval of the potentiality of their waists.

He stopped at an ornament particular. He surely ever went past one. He stood on the path, looking with glass eyes and smiling face into the eyes of adults and light. Chilla looked on, too, but there was nothing to catch him. He glared up at Goodtime Joe and pulled a wary face as Goodtime Joe nudged him and entered the waiting party. Chilla followed.

He glanced in a mirror as he passed through the shoulder of jay and tri-vale. The mirror stuck in his chin like little black splinters. He felt heavy. The eyes of the world were on him. He glanced around him like a calm fugitive. A little shell of party blinks and shirked the people of course, one woman that nobody was looking at him. He felt better.

In five minutes Goodtime Joe had officially commenced the job and started for himself a girl with bushy-colored lips, smilingly shrewd and a painted beard. She had a slender board of chocolate with her, but smaller, with braids for earrings and the end-chewing habit.

"I'll take you, Lucy-poor!" Goodtime Joe said to her girl. "And Chilla here can have your friends—what's her name?—Shirley. Okay, you two?"

Shirley didn't care whether Chilla was a bee contractor. He had pocket and laugh lived in pocket. She looked her own in him. He gave a shy smile and left it there. Goodtime Joe put his arm around his girl and the

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They walked up and down. They played the marbles. Brink milk-shakes lattered to the sidewalk. Sometimes Joe gambled, laughed, joked, dug his fingers now and then into the soft waist, squeezing her soft flesh. She squirmed and allowed him with persistent indifference. He kept peeping out. He could buy himself a good time, and was growing at. The girl had stolen her internet. Chills and Shirley were still only making her weather. Chills apart. Shirley booted and guffawed and chewed and steamrolled. But conversations between them was dull and dreary.

Chile, with the grammar of the night venture sagging at last, was divided as we entered Santiago José

carefree, risk-taking play. What an unusual On assignment God to do a man over in a little while. Send him off the planet for good, and leave him with having the time of his life. No feeling. Never felt anything. Just a dirty bag full of an animal.

Challa hated the sick, sour taste  
in his stomach when he thought  
of the job ahead.

Then it was time to part. The girls looked disappointed, even damaged. Goodtime Joe grinned, bent over to his girls car. She looked copy written, then smiled, with a smile that expanded slowly as if making certain that he would answer the promise it contained.

"In about two hours there," he said.  
"Right here. Don't sit away now."



<sup>22</sup> "How much's the matter with you?"

"I won't," promised the girl. As they turned to go Goodtime Joe gave his brotherly chuckle. "It's OK," he said. "I'll bet she tastes like a pear, too."

Celia said nothing. He was glad to meet the night air. His body was prickling with sweat. In the train with the air blowing against his face he thought of the girl, and it was more thinking of her. The way she smiled like a bunch of flowers. The touch of her flesh. Now that he was away from her he missed the appeal in her.

Goodtime Joe looked around him. There was no one else in the carriage. Still with the recollection of enjoyment on his face, he pulled out his cravats.

"Show me your gut, Challe," he said without looking up.

Chills pulled out his gun, and Goodfellow Joe took it in his other hand. He examined both weapons.

"What's the secret?" Chalk asked.

"This shows you a lot more,"  
 concludes he and "This means"

Chile shrugged: "You couldn't see standing on your ear, not with the red," he said with more pride.

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Continuing Joe upon the chamber emptied the bullets, examined them reloaded. He did the same with his own, then and headed to the Chaff.

"Right. Now I tell you what we do. When Willie cops the bag, and while he's still knocking, I'm going to plant this gun on his gear! Suicide—let it! And the cops who know Willie, and know he split on us, will think it's a nutcase! The last was our poor Willie couldn't take it, so he knocked himself off. Now do you like that?"

Chloe thought for a moment. "Why, it's perfect, Joe — only who about our girl?"

"Naturally, you don't give nothing to Willie, not even dead. You take Willie's gun. That's a fair swap. Makes our plan look better, too. Might even a bit suspicious if Willie had two guns."

"Yeah, yeah, I see what you mean," Challa said. "TU runs that red, though."

They got off at the distal railway station. There was the smell of the sea and the beach. A whispering darkness. They walked down the empty road. Goodtime Joe was chuckling. "That was some belly I loaded tonight."

"We won't be either," Chelle said.

"Like a pear. That's how I feel she tastes. Like a pear — a rich, ripe, juicy pear. We go down here."

Chills turned off the road, down a back track. The trees were around them and over them. The air washed solemnly in the near distance. Their dark bodies moved through the bulrush darkness.

"Can't wait to get back and taste that beer," Goodtime Joe said.

"Listen, now I had to do me," Chelle said. "She was all right. She was a lot of fun. I was wishing I was sprayed up a bit better. Would have felt better if I'd had a shave. But she didn't seem to mind. She didn't let on, anyway. Shows what a grouse little women she is."

Chills went on shuffling along the track. Suddenly he realized there was only the sound of one pair of feet. He stopped. Turned quickly. There was nothing, no one behind him, only a jagged channel through the bush. The scorching heat of flames came from his right. He felt his hands being lifted, and he sensed his fingers gripping on warm steel. He heaved the heavy shackling. He heard the scuffle of feet shuffling away.

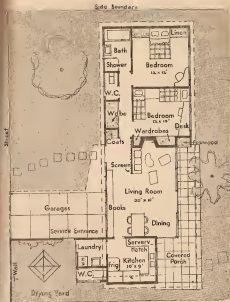


## No. 3

R. M. BURICH

Although it looks more complicated in plan the house is essentially a plain rectangle with a low-pitched gable roof running over the whole length of the main building. Car port laundry and W.C. are under a separate low roof. The service area is to the front of the block, shielded from view by the car port and by a well along the front boundary, thus leaving the rear clear for garden and outdoor living. The main room is fairly large, combining the functions of living and dining and being extended both practically and visually through large fixed glass panels to the covered porch and hence to the open terrace and garden. The bedrooms are reasonably large for such a small home and have sufficient built-in wardrobe space. W.C. is separate from bathroom and the bedroom hall is treated more as a dressing room with high windows above the deep wardrobes. High windows in the living room serve for cross ventilation. The kitchen in which the housewife spends so many hours of her day has the same outlook and exposure as the living area which makes it simple to serve meals on the terrace.

The block of land for this house needs to be 60 feet wide and should have its best exposure to the rear.





#### ARMED

In the 1890's Adon Kinsel of Newark, Ohio, committed arson on a large scale. He got drunk one night and set fire to a number of flimsy shacks, in the hope of collecting the insurance. In that he failed. However, the newspapers were so pleased that the shacks had been burned beyond repair that they erected a monument to Kinsel. That monument took the form of a sculptured face of Kinsel over the door of the First National Bank. It is still there and is probably the only monument in existence to be erected to an arsonist.

#### SOME HIDE

There is one animal which will not be from another. That is the wild hog. It has no much fat between its hide and its bloodstream that the venous becomes tainted in the fat, thus doing no damage.

#### WELL, WILLIES

The inhabitants of the Clark Mountains, U.S.A., continue to use many words and phrases which become obsolete elsewhere and elsewhere. For example, they say "preacher" for "sermon"; "crack-off" for "bed"; "sawmester" for "summer milk"; "ruinater" for "ruin"; "wedimater"

for "wednesday"; "heather into" for "about"; and "in the gater" for "good dinner."

#### DYKES

The people of Holland have always feared inundations of their country, so 40 percent of it is below sea level and its 600 mile coastline requires the constant protection of embankments, which often spring leaks during heavy weather. These dykes, constructed in the 13th century, cover 30,000 miles, or 3 times the circumference of the Earth.

#### INDIAN TURNABOUT

The history of U.S.A. contains many tales of Indian treachery against the whites, but, in 1871 a band of Mexican soldiers crossed the border, seized a stretch of fertile U.S. territory and raised a defiant banner. There were no federal troops within hundreds of miles but a band of Apaches, sworn enemies of the U.S. whites, attacked the Mexicans, killed them and raised the Stars and Stripes over the recovered land. The day they raised had been carried away during a successful raid against a federal fort in Arizona some weeks before.



Though bent to kill and mangle with deadly, light to the body while deadly spectators bet on the results.

HEAD gone above, somewhat recklessly, from the tramp steamer "Merton Violette," which lay off Isabela, a barred speaker of a village on the Philippine Island of Basilan.

I'd soon when unnamed, for Isabela, stronghold of the fierce, blood-thirsty Moros — the world's most savage swordsmen — does not welcome armed intruders.

An hour before ship's sailing, I found myself in a rusty watercraft out in the silent company of a dour brown-skinned Moro, who was smiling round his wife, the traditional broccard of the Sulu archipelago. My companion was an unknown and I could feel their hot anatomy upon me. I was the only non-Moro among them.

Suddenly, a half hour before sailing, a pack-dressed boy burst into the place and began a whispering reconnaissance of the drinker. Instantly, the poem was silent.

When the booming, excited conversation — partly in Sulu, partly in Magindanao, the languages of these islands — welled up high-pitched and vibrant, I broke into a brown Moro woman who had served me.

"Senora," I asked in Spanish, "what do you think?"

She drew back, startled. It was as if I'd thrust a pistol towards her instead of a few innocent words.

For a moment she hesitated. Then, glancing covertly about to make sure no one overheard, she leaned closer and breathed "Las guerras a muerte de los cristianos."

"The war to death of the heathen."

Instantly, I knew the reason for the excitement. Unconsciously, a shudder quaked through me as I recalled the stories I'd heard. How the sultans of these islands, the aristocratic Datus, are patron to the most blood-thirsty, most, inherently savage

manthons known to mankind? Such into death between blooded Batangas soldiers.

Batangas are magnificent animals. Proud, fighting, killers. Originally from the province of Batangas, southeast of Manila, they are a cross-breed of the most spirited Spaniards from Andalus, the Malayas and the Philippines. Batangas, I know, were trained from childhood for no other purpose than to mangle and maul one another in the arena.

While they fought to the death, cheering throngs of drunken, hell-mut shouting Moros gaudied them on with fierce curses and huge wagers. No fighting Batangas ever felt a scuffle or hit. None was ever lashed behind a waist. They were groomed and pampered and trained like gladiators.

These lustful, cruel duels between stallions whose teeth were filed to dagger's points and whose hoofs were honed razor-sharp, had been capital sport among the Moros for centuries. But even more repulsive was the Moros' habit of doping their princely combatants just before they entered the arena of death. The drug was a mixture of hot rice wine and bushash — a masked concoction made from dried bang plants.

As I threaded my way between the tables of staming, now ominously quiet drinkers, I felt every eye upon me. I hadn't taken six paces before a woman screamed mad-rudely. It was a nerve-paralyzing, terrible outcry. I wheeled around. The Moro woman lay crumpled upon the floor.

Backward, I turned back toward the door. But a giant Moro blocked my way. His massive brown body was shrouded in the Moros' traditional garb: thin-right trousers and a short-sleeved jacket, open at the waist, revealing his bronzed, brawny abdomen. A vivid red bandana was

flung around his forehead and his glaring, pin-point eyes were blood-red and feroceous. I noticed the sack hung at his waist, which formed a kind of pocket. Strapped inside, I knew, were belt-cuts which blocked the Moros' teeth and tinge their gums a hellish orange.

Then, with a start, my eyes came to rest upon the most-daring "brave" — the long, wicked, barbed-iron machete which hung at his side.

My antagonist stalked his lips into a tight, cruel smile.

"Scow," he said in perfect Spanish, "you have braved."

"About the honor?"

Instantly every man in the room was on his feet, his hands upon his hips.

"You shall be my guest," the smothering lips smiled, "until tomorrow. Until after the festivities."

"I can't," I pleaded, "my ship sails in 15 minutes."

"How unfortunate, man," he smiled, mockingly, "but how do we know you will not wear the palanquin — these who do not care for the time of the horses?"

I was helpless before them, and so, reluctantly, I became their "guest."

The next crowded hour was a nightmare. In the following dusk they hurried me down the aisle, ordered me to mount a horse and handed me off into the night. As length we arrived at what apparently was a ranch. I was ordered to dismount and my "hosts" shoved me roughly into a hovel and bade me mockingly to have a good night's sleep. A huge, turbaned Moro guard stood watching me.

They held me prisoner in the hovel until noon. Outside, I could hear the cooling whirry of horses and the coming and going of many people. Then drums began a wild, rhythmic sound.

It was a melancholy sound that settled in a man's stomach and slowly, steadily creeps into his throat and lodges there, a frightening, awesome sensation. And off from the distance came wild cries of unmitigated revelry. Roared, Váramt, Savage.

Just before midday my "host" appeared. He led me some distance through a smiling throng of drunken Moros to a cleared place. The crowd? Two hundred feet apart, I was roped off by a thick hemp fence. Most of two sides—directly across and to our right—were reserved for royalty. Here sat the wealthy Datu whose houses were to dwell. Raised platforms dotted the "reserved" sections and atop these, on rugs, reposed the wives and concubines of the Datu.

Huddled below the platforms were the native women, and several girls from the local and better households.

The arena's remaining two sides—where we stood and to our left—were planned with three entrance and eleven who comprise the last remnants of Benke's populace. About us sat a thousand Moros, their head-and-crowned jaws working incessantly. Some were licking rice wine from huge hornbeards set up in the arena occupied by the post. Everyone was drunk and boisterous and here and there fights broke out among the spectators. The place was hot and sultry—and bang with a bursting of worldly expectancy.

In the arena's center stood a lone, slender pole. Built around it, about fifteen feet from the ground, was a platform. Here sat three umpires—now already in their places. The umpires were chosen by the Datu. Below the platform squatted a share holding a possible jet into which, at intervals, an eagle would fly a stream of hot paint. The judges were old men and their aim was not as good as in their youth. The share was

aimed head to foot with vile, black spittle.

On opposite sides of the arena were palm-tree stands and within passed the blooded Batangas, seemingly impatient for death.

Suddenly a great pang sounded. The crowd went wild, for this heralded the beginning of the duels. I noticed that the rich Datu and his poor, allies, were laying framed bets. Some of the pangs, I guess, had been known to wager a year's wages on a single bout. And a winning Datu often added another year to his barn. Whole matches were bet upon a single animal—as serious was the Moros' betting for three events: tournaments of blood.

My companion spot a live stream of blood (jakes and mardered. "Usually, once, they parade the animal's cow. This was done earlier this morning. Now, they fight!"

Suddenly a referee jogged into the arena leading a mare.

The mare was tied to a post directly before the umpires' platform.

Then, a second pang reverberated across the clearing and the animal rode to our left coming open.

A huge, muscular-backed Batangas passed from the corral. His coat was crimson-white. His nostrils quivering and undulating, he got wind of the mare. His tail was like a whip of silver flax in the bright sunlight. But then I noticed his boots. They were honed to sharp, deadly cutting edges. The magnificent beast pawed before the mare.

But suddenly, the corral across the way burst open and in a flash, a coal-black stallion as magnificent as the first, bolted into the arena, he too, raised upon the mare. In a moment of perfect suspense the two stallions stopped stiff-shouldered on opposite sides of the mare. Their eyes rolled with

the dropped away which only she wore and heathen son knelt.

They faced one another, the white armed and the black. They passed the dust in mad fury, like wrestlers before throwing a bull-rider. Their wild shouts were blood-thirsting, piercing. Then, their mouths agape, nostrils quivering, muscles taut, they closed for mortal combat.

Suddenly, within ten feet of the other, the white snarled, screamed a deep-throated challenge and, rearing upon his hind legs, kicked out his forelegs with terrific force.

Two sickle-sharp hoofs caught the black animal in the flank, upping him a flap of skin as wide as a man's chest.

The black Batanga screamed with pain and rage, and rearing, shot his front legs out like live pistons. His hooved hoofs asked the other's neck. Then, with a report like the cracking of a bushman's whip, his knife-sharp hoofs stabbed smoothly and punctured the white savage's left eye. His victim lay out a horrible cry of hurt, and retreated, his eye oozing a yellow liquid. But the black beast was upon him immediately. Charging, flailing with his hoofs, his teeth ripping savagely. Reared upon his hindquarters to beat his foe upon the flank and chest of his opponent.

Though barely mutilated, his once muzzled nose reared and quaked and dripping blood, the white Batanga fought back furiously. As the black fury roared, the blind of horse shot his razor-sharp hoofs into his adversary's belly. Pain-wracked, the black Batanga reared backwards. Arise and again the blinded horse leaped him in the air, until blood ran in torrents.

Now, snapping their lungs, bloodied jaws like the report of fire-arms, they came at one another. Snarling, tearing, clashing, clashing. The black beast's right ear was broken

off in one terrible scissor-like. His chest was laid open to the bone. Two crack Batanga's hoofs were red with the blood of his opponent.

Suddenly, in a moment filled with blood-stained screams, and gasped on by the frenzied lust of the porters mob, the black snarled lunged, reared out a hoof and buried it nastily deep within the chest of his opponent. The white snarl went down upon his forehead, his flanks heaving—every breath like a blowing wind, bringing up blood. The most horrid screams were horrible.

The black beast, assured victory, reared like a coiled spring and all at once became a jumping, stabbing machine of death. His feet beat back and forth. Pounding, cutting, knifing, jabbing. His opponent's nose white and wet with blood. But he was fighting back valiantly. But now his once great jaws were useless, for the black Batanga, with one powerful kick, knowing, had broken it. The debilitated animal whined, begging mercy, but knowing that death was but a moment away.

While half the crowd, those who had watched bravely upon the black animal, eyed in jubilation and danced about in drunken celebration the black animal finished his opponent.

A crowd of naked delight and a heavy green of defeat welled up from the stands. The savages rose and cheered the winner. Broken limbs upon the arena. And suddenly, through the savage throng, my companion, who had sat heavily upon the victor pulled joyously in my direction.

"Did you ever witness such magnificent?"

But I, who had seen, had leaped my head in a fit of violent nausea.

"Foul!" screamed my grieved host. "Lily-towered weakness!"

And he vomited a handful of bile and spit into his blackened, vile mouth.

# BRIDES FOR A LONELY ISLE



Tristan da Cunha has a history of pirates, volunteer brides and a life so hard as to strike envy in the hearts of recognized civilization.

FRANK MADIGAN

THE whaling schooner pulled into

the island of Tristan da Cunha and landed five women on the beach. The girls were volunteers — they were offering themselves as brides to men they had never seen. And the men lived on the girls on the beach and each man selected the lady who appeared most to him.

This was over 100 years ago and the weddings were happy ones—and fruitful. The descendants of these people still live on the island, which has been called "The Loneliest Island in The World."

Tristan da Cunha is one of a colony of islands situated in the South Atlantic 1,600 miles south-west of St. Helena. Lying midway between Cape Town and Rio de Janeiro, the reer-

not remained in 1,000 miles away.

Its two neighbors, Inaccessible and Nightingale, are not inhabited, and, no doubt, Tristan da Cunha, were he alive, would be astonished to learn that the island named after him has some 200 inhabitants. For, when he discovered Tristan da Cunha, he was not at all impressed by it. In fact, he was so contemptuous of the wood-wreath circle of rock that he paid no attention to it, and it remained unknown for 100 years after his death. To-day, Tristan da Cunha is known throughout the world, and it can claim to be a quite unique British possession.

Like many other small patches of land, it is really an extinct volcano, the highest point reaching to nearly

WHEN the whale was discovered South Africa, the natives were running it. There were no boats, there was no dairy, the women did all the work. Yet the whale men thought he could improve on a system like that.

8,000 feet. At its summit a crater filled with ice-cold water forms a small lake. It is shaped like a cross wheel, 14 miles in diameter and 14 miles in circumference. It possesses no harbor as the entire coast is exposed to the sea.

It is the foothills which have given the island a history.

Three foothills covered with grass, form a plateau a hundred feet above sea level. These three provide the inhabitants with essential shelter from the fierce gales which blow about the island at least 300 days in the year. In the protection of these hills stand the sturdy stone cottages grouped around the white painted Church of St. Mary. And in this settlement, called Edinburgh, after the Duke of Edinburgh, who visited the island in 1857, live all the inhabitants of the island.

In 1811, an American seaman, Jonathan Lambert, proclaimed to all the world that he had taken possession of the island for himself and his heirs. He made the claim in an American newspaper and he sent cop-

ies to every European Government naming the place "The Island of Development," by discovery a flag of blue and red diamonds on a white ground.

The excitement and constant supply of fresh water made the island useful to the parties who hunted the Caribbean Seas. Lambert is reported to have landed on the island with the companions and a large chest filled with valuable plunder from a successful pirate cruise.

Land and fishermen, however, proved too much for the pirates. They quarrelled over the division of the booty, one by one dying violently until only one remained. This was an Italian named Tomaso Coeri. He was found there by the British when they took possession of the island in 1835. At that time Napoleon Bonaparte was a prisoner on St. Helena, and although the two islands were divided by nearly 1,000 miles of ocean, the British feared that Tristan da Cunha might be used as an attempt to free the French Emperor.

Tomaso Coeri boasted of the riches he knew were buried on the island, mentioning large quantities of silver plate, pearls, diamonds and Spanish gold coins. In support of his claims he frequently disappeared into the bush, returning with handfuls of gold coins. Ever since, searches have been made repeatedly for the buried treasure, but so far without success.

The little parties remained on the island only a few months, returning to Cape Town in 1817. Three men, however, were so pleased with life on the island that they petitioned the Government for permission to remain permanently. This was granted and in this way Corporal William Glass, with his wife and two children, and Russell and Mackenzie stayed to form a farming colony.

They were soon joined by three men from St. Helena, Swain, Cotton and

Foley. They came, somewhat in the manner of Noah, with two sheep, two donkeys, two oxen, two dogs and two goats.

One of the three men from St. Helena was Thomas Swain, an ex-slave, famous because, while serving on the Victory at Trafalgar, he caught Nelson in his arms when he fell mortally wounded. But it was William Glass who was elected leader of the community.

By 1824, settlements had increased the population to twelve, most of them men. Glass, while hunting on a strong moorland, realized the need of a happy family life if the settlers were to be content and the colony was to have a future.

Consequently he considered the captain of a sailing whaling schooner to bring from St. Helena ten women who would make suitable wives for his men. The Governor of St. Helena selected the ten women from many applicants, and the captain of the schooner landed them on Tristan da Cunha on his return west.

About 1828, Rogers and Rogers joined the little community. Forty years later, two Helians named Repetto and Lavarella were shipwrecked on the island. They decided to settle there and to marry Tristan girls, and in this way the seven marriages which distinguish the entire community were completed. And it is that day the inhabitants bear the names of Glass, Green, Rogers, Lavarella, Repetto, Rogers and Swain.

Under Glass, the colony prospered, for he organized successful fisheries and agriculture and succeeded in raising livestock. By trading with passing whaling ships the Islanders met their own needs.

From the sea, however, came sev-

eral dangers. One of the most serious was the plague of rats which came ashore from the American whaling-boat Henry B. Ford. These rats have killed off most of the island's birds, and they have proved costly to agriculture. Also from the sea came the flies which are a source of constant annoyance. They arrived in the days of the Boer War, on a ship transporting mail.

The sea, too, brought tragedy to the island when, in 1857, most of the young men lost their lives when their boat capsized. Fifteen men were drowned, reducing the population of the island to 32, only five married couples remaining. The rest were women and children, but, luckily, ten of them were boys who were just old enough to man the island boats. Thus they maintained the supply of fish, the island's main source of food.

The men of the island reveal a remarkable skill in handling their boats, which are constructed from oiled and ends of wood, the frames being covered with canvas. The large boats are about 15 feet long, and the dinghies are about 10 feet, but both types are frail, particularly as they operate in a region where gales and high winds are constant.

In their boats they visit the neighboring islands, Nightingale and Inaccessible. They are some 30 miles southwest of Tristan and ten miles apart. On Inaccessible it is to be found the Adelia, the smallest of the wandering birds. This is the "island cock," to-day found nowhere else in the world, and it lives in dense tussock grass through which it makes a maze of tunnels.

The men of the island of Tristan have displayed such ability in fishing that a South African fishing company has established a curing factory, mainly for crayfish for America. The



company provides an expert to run a community store, a non-profit store, a doctor, a nurse and a teacher.

A head working islander can now earn £2 a day handling the large boats in the rough seas that buffet the gale-swept isle. To these people money is previously a novelty, all their previous trading having been done by barter. The community spirit is so highly developed that the store, itself an innovation, is unable to sell scarce commodities. Unless there is enough for all, no item can be sold. Mrs. Botha, who recently spent eight months on shores of the store, gives the reason for this unique state of affairs. "If one got something and there wasn't enough for others," she said, "it would be considered favourable."

Money and a few other stores regarded as indispensable to civilization were first introduced to the island by Surgeon Lieut-Commander E. J. E. Woolley, R.N.V.R. He was appointed Governor of Tristan da Cunha in 1942, when it was advantageous to the British Navy to have a radio and meteorological station on the island in the war against the Japs. The station provided the Cape and ships in the Indian Ocean with valuable weather reports.

The station was manned by men of the Meteorological Section of the South African Air Force, and by a communications party of the South African Engineering Corps and Union Defence Volunteers. A postman was built, and sufficient cattle and sheep were herded to maintain a plentiful supply of fresh meat.

At first, when the islanders provided labour, they were paid with items which could be exchanged for provisions at the Naval Stores. As the system proved clumsy to operate, Lieut-

Commander Woolley asked for some money, and £3,000 in British and South African currency arrived at the island.

Told the Commander: "I explained its use to the islanders and the principles of banking through the Post Office Savings Bank and stressed the desirability of saving for after the war. They picked up the idea very quickly and we had a most successful savings campaign conducted in simple language."

After the war England set aside her latest acquisition for the Royal Navy. The Admiralty decided to commission the island as a ship, with Lieut-Commander Woolley as the Commanding Officer. On January 25, 1945, the island was named R.M.S. Atlantic Isle, the christening ceremony being performed by the Commander's wife, using a champagne bottle filled with fruit soda. And, in 1946, Hugh Elliot, with twelve years' experience in Transvaal, was appointed the first Colonial Office Administrator.

Tristan da Cunha, in spite of its desolate state, is amazingly healthy. Visitors report that there is an absence of all infectious diseases, and it appears that people die only as the result of old age or accident. Toothache is unknown, and one man of eighty has a perfect set of teeth and has never had a twinge of toothache in his life.

The colony is completely loyal to England, and speech preserves the dialect spoken by Wellington's troops who first made the island their home. The dress is that of a century ago, the women still favouring ankle-length dresses.

Tristan da Cunha, in fact, has a simplicity and security which cannot fail to arouse envy in those who inhabit a much more complex and unsteady world.



One of the interesting religious groups in U.S.A. is the Negro Book of Rabbi Matthews.

ALBERT ABRAHAM.

## THE BLACK HEBREWS OF THE U.S.A.



THEY are black people but most of them are not Negroes. They call themselves Africans or Afro-Americans of Ethiopian and Hebrew ancestry. Most of them live in New York City and, according to their story, they are the direct descendants of Abraham and thus the only remaining true Hebrews. Their white brethren, they say, are merely members of the lost tribes of Israel.

These Negro-Jewish cult clings to the most orthodox of Hebrew rites and strict dietary laws. They will not work on the Sabbath nor communicate in any way with their faith.

For many years these "Black Hebrews" have been concentrated and worshipped in small scattered groups. They found a leader, organizer and teacher in the Reverend Dr. Westworth Arthur Matthews, a West Indian Negro with a thorough theological training. To-day he heads the Harlem branch of the "Commandment Keepers Congregation of the Living

God," with its 800 members. At the same time, however, he is the Chief Rabbi of all the "true Hebrews on the western hemisphere." After his own estimate he is the spiritual shepherd of more than 150,000 Black Jews scattered all over America. Most of them are now united in the "Negro Order of Ethiopian Hebrews, The Sons and Daughters of Culture."

Their members are mostly small tradesmen, writers and factory workers who will spend a great part of their income to further their faith. All of them have one great aim: they want to become independent from the outside world so that they can follow their orthodox faith and its demands.

The Harlem "Commandment Keepers" for instance, have meticulously done something about it. Under a rigid plan they have built up a few co-operatives, even fairly stationary stores, barbers and other business enterprises. In Farmingdale, Long Island, they have bought a number of

small farms which they cultivate. With their pennies and dollars they established a home for their old people. Their method is simple. Out of their savings wages they save what they can. Once every three months they have a special meeting and pool their savings. Then they buy a home in the name of a new member.

On Friday, Saturday, and all holidays, they gather in one congregation for their services. Their temple in Harlem's Lenox Avenue is still not ready to look at, but it is a big cry from the 8 x 12 basement in which Rabbi Matthews started the "Commandment Keepers" with eleven worshippers in 1935. Two typical Harlem refined spectators have been remodelled into a wide, long room with many windows painted to simulate coloured glass. Bands the Blue of David there in the cross and the crown of Jesus Christ. Between large pictures of a bearded, black man whom we recognize as Halleluiah Emperor of Ethiopia are blackboards with Hebrew and Arabic letters. They serve the children who attend the "Judean Torah," the Hebrew schools, conducted by the congregation. Chairs of all shapes and sizes fill the room and benches surround an old upright piano. Somewhere hidden is the cornet, a guitar, a tambourine, symbols, and a microphone. They have a biblical cult to these instruments, they say. The "Kymor" is their microphone, the guitar the "Nawal," and the tambourine the biblical "Tabor" according to the Old Testament.

A pulpit stands before a massive doorway, heavily unadorned with Hebrew letters, which covers the shrine with the scrolls of the Jewish scriptures.

Let us join the Negro worshippers in a typical service. It is Friday and the light of the day has given way to the dark of the night. The women

and men sit apart a crowd of impatient youngsters on the sidewalk. The choir, dressed in white, flowing robes sits in plain around the piano. The men have donned their small, black prayer caps and white prayer shawls, the women have covered their heads with multi-coloured headscarves. The "Rabbi" has taken his place before the Holy Scroll, flanked by the bearded elders of the congregation. He reads from the Scriptures in fluent Hebrew, the laymen reading the responses from Jewish prayer books. But most of them know the texts by heart.

The music begins slowly in a measured, hymn-like tempo. A first voice is sung by the choir, a second one and then the congregation joins. The tempo becomes faster and faster. A tambourine, a guitar, and a microphone soon join the rhythm which rises to a quick-step.

Devils begin to sway and hands begin to clap. A large woman runs from her chair and beats the tempo with her feet. Soon all others join in. There will be shouts, "Hallelujah, Praise the Lord" until the Chief Rabbi raises his hands.

Youngsters and old men around the pulpit and stand a voice or two as Hebrew with the women voices of their race. Then the Bishop begins to pray for the President, the Congress and the congregation. In Hebrew he will recite the ten Commandments. The cantor, Rabbi Wilkins, chants the ancient rituals. And then there are many hymns, sung by the brethren with the loudest of enthusiasm until Dr. Matthews begins to preach.

"Don't ever submit to being called a Negro," Bishop Matthews began while his congregation looked up to him as if he were a miracle man. "You are not Negroes. The Negro, as called, has no history prior to the

18th century. And when that history began it began in bondage, poverty, harassment and degradation. An African you have a glorious history. You are the direct descendants of great kings. You are the proudest people because you are the proudest Hebrews.

"The black man is a Jew because he is a direct descendant of Abraham Isaac, son of Abraham, was the father of Isaac, whose skin was hairy like the white man's and of Jacob whose skin was smooth like the black man's. And Jacob was also known as Israel. He was the father of the 12 tribes King Solomon, son of David, was a great-grandson of the Tribe of Judah. He ruled with the Queen of Sheba who returned to Africa where she has had a son known as Ethelred history as Menelik I."

The members of the congregation nodded. There were some shouts. "The Emperor Haile Selassie is the King of Kings the son of Jacob," Rabbi Matthew continued, getting more and more excited with his own theory. "When Menelik was 12 years old he was sent to Palestine to be confirmed. And at the age of 14 his father sent him to Ethiopia for he wanted that country confirmed. It should become a part of the great King Solomon Empire. That house has ruled continuously in Ethiopia for 1,000 odd years. There has been an unbroken succession of 622 kings from Menelik I, to the present Emperor. That is the reason that I say to you, all genuine Jews are black men. Whether white people want to admit it or not, the Bible was written around the darker races of the world.

"Where is the first white person mentioned in the Bible?" he challenged his congregation. "In the 12th chapter of Numbers," they answer in unison. "That is right," shouts the Rabbi. "Following the marriage of

Moses to Hagar the bondswoman, Hagar, the wife of Aaron, lay with him and was cursed by the Lord. The Bible reads, She turned leprous, while at work."

I asked him the logical question "But why then are the Ethiopians, including the Royal House, Christians belonging to the Copia Church?" Dr. Matthew gave his answer without a moment's consideration. "The Copia Church of Ethiopia," he said, "is only 180 years old. I have not been able to trace any written records pertaining to this church for this change but I personally believe that this was done to appease the Christian powers and gain their co-operation. The Copia Church of Ethiopia has always accepted as a fact that all Ethiopians are of Hebrew stock."

When Chief Rabbi Arthur Matthew came to Harlem he had a hard time. "The white Hebrews said that I was a fake," he remembers. "The black people harangued me and laughed at the idea that they were really Jews."

In his 25 years of struggle, however, the little wiry, white-black, bearded man of 44, an uncle of Emperor Haile Selassie has shown amazing foresight and energy. He first started all the Jewish movement among the Negroes of Harlem, and gradually took in other sects throughout the nation. Another man, headed by a "Bishop" Joseph Ford, claiming to be a Moslem, competed with Rabbi Matthew's "Commandment Keepers." His following, however, pined with them in 1933, when their own leader left the country for Ethiopia.

No greater crime could be committed by a member of the "Royal Order of Ethiopian Hebrews" than fraternize with non-Jews or whites. The prayers for the dead are said for such transgressors.

Rabbi Matthew himself married an Ethiopian Jewess. He is the father

of three sons who have all served with the Armed Forces, and have remained orthodox Hebrews all the way," as he proudly points out. His only daughter is the married director of the Harlem Congregation.

The Bishop's grandfather was a West Indian slave, known only by the name of Cornelius. He was freed a hundred years or so ago under the British Act of Emancipation. From an orphan, he married a Lagos black Hebrew, Ben Yehuda. Working steadily for a family named Matthews he became known, as was customary, under that name. After his death the mother, with 1 year old Westwood, emigrated to the Isle of Guernsey and later to St. Kitts. A carpenter by trade, the youngster moved to New York City.

Twenty-one years old and yearning for the return to his old father-land mother was non-Jewish — the carpenter worked at his trade while studying theology at the Harlem Theological Seminary and the New Ecclesiastical School for his Hebrew

studies he changed to the Board of Hebrew Theological Seminary of Cincinnati, then the only theological school of black Jews in the Western Hemisphere. After advanced courses at the famed Union Theological Seminary of White Hebrews he returned to New York City to organize, the first small congregation of the "Commandment Keepers." His profound knowledge of Hebrew theology resulted in a scholarship to the University of Berlin, the only black Rabbi who ever studied there. In 1921, he reorganized his flock in Harlem as the "Royal Order of Ethiopian Hebrews."

Two years later throughout the Americas have organized the Chief Rabbi but his flock of black Jews is steadily growing. Recently he visited the little known "Island Hebrews" in Mexico, descendants of victims of persecution 300 years ago, who intermarried with those Indian tribes who declared them "They are good Jews," the Bishop says, "but we Commandment Keepers are the only genuine black Hebrews. We keep the Commandments from A to Z."



"And in French it's 'noir,' in German it's 'schwarz,' in Russian it's 'chorn.'"

*Give  
a  
Girl  
a  
Break  
!*

Indies fans would love this but there is no info what? These spoken ideas is to be on the kind of action and pull the suspense over for months. The suspense is the pulled out of person against the wall. Hardly a further beat, but doesn't it make you a little?





Rolling her back to the sofa, Cindy takes a peeking. That sleek is made of chrome of steel and it looks like a lovely masterpiece in the background of the large kitchen. She is an unexpected woman—tall, with her eyes under the door. When the door is closed, you get complete privacy—with your attention.



At last he is giving the girl a break and is avoiding the wrong call. We're often blamed for over-riding girls' bids, but this time we got on a break. The instructor has covered a multitude of sins.

How he's going higher on a limb. We heard cattle on that there is no argument about ownership. Right he is good idea to meet the Institute. After course of discussing our girls he has some names. I think it, with the brand so high on the things, would love to use the girl's & interesting uniforms in order to identify them. Could be something on that.

# CORPSE ON DELIVERY

V. B. THIRDSSEN

FICTION



I had one more trip to make after delivering my partner's body. After that I'd never more—or breathe—again!

I'D NAMED the truck *Shave*, and she was big and heavy and not too easy to stop. At first I figured that was what caused all my trouble, but it turned out to be something considerably more serious.

I was rolling down First Street with a load of Colonel Pittman's furniture on the truck when the traffic light turned amber. I was right at the light, and the load was pretty heavy, so I figured to barrel right on through. I stopped on the gas, and I was all the way across before the light turned red.

Four blocks later the siren screamed at me, and I pulled over to the curb for the police car. It parked in front of me and two policemen walked back toward me. I was a little sur-

prised to see two of them come back on a traffic violation.

I recognized one of them as a man I'd seen before, but not a traffic beat. His name was O'Brien, and I'd seen him on the programme as the policeman's boss. He had sung a duet with his daughter. She was a lovely girl with a lovely voice, and O'Brien himself had a fine clear tenor voice. His "Mother Macbeth" had been a show stopper. He was a small man, short and slightly built, with a face that ran to freckles, and a head that had run out of hair some years back, and was beginning to run to dandruff, too. But when he spoke to me he wasn't using his singing voice. His voice was as cold and impersonal as metal.



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write to us.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

ICS ICS ICS ICS

"Let's see your driving license."  
I handed it over. I started to ask,  
"What's the beef?" and decided not  
to. I'd run that under light. I knew  
it, and they knew it, and they knew  
I knew it, so what was the use? I just  
got the ticket, and take the furniture  
on out to Colonel Palmer's house.  
That was the smart thing.

O'Brien asked: "Was the car listed  
here?" Yes Jack Randall?"

"Yes, sir."

"The year truck?"

"Mine and my partner's."

O'Brien looked at me while the  
other cop looked respectfully at the  
background. "Your partner?" He had  
a question mark in his eyes.

"Jack Randall and Riky, Moscow.  
We own this truck and another one.  
Right now we're moving some furniture  
to a new house for Colonel Palmer."

"Who's he?"

"Search me. Some Army officer that  
just got back from Japan. I was a  
captain myself last war. I got the  
habit of not asking someone a lot of  
questions."

He said, "Yes." Not like he thought  
it was funny, and not like he thought  
it was stupid. Just "Yes." Like I  
hadn't even spoken. He handed me  
the license. "Drive this truck down  
to police headquarters," he ordered.

Surprised, I answered at him.  
"Now, wait a minute. Greg got a  
ticket if you keep to, but let me get  
this load rolling."

O'Brien looked at me like I didn't  
want. He said, "I'm not kidding and  
I'm not joking. Get going, mister."

I got going.

At police headquarters they took  
me into a private office. O'Brien was  
there, and another cop, and a man  
in plainclothes. They started right in  
asking me questions and I began to  
realize there was something more  
than a traffic violation here.



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O'Brien said, "Brundell and Haley, huh? Tell me about the business you ran."

"Not much to it. After the war Haley and I got a G.I. loan, bought two new surplus cars and a half ton truck, and went into the moving business."

"What do you move?"

"Anything," I told him. "Furniture, mostly."

"Don't you need a van for that?"

"Not for short hauls. Of course if we have a house load, it will take several trips. We couldn't move furniture from one town to another."

"How long have you known Haley?"

"Three years," I said. But I thought, ah, hell, now you're beginning to tip your hand. Haley's got into trouble maybe handling something that shouldn't be handled. Maybe the ranchers or something like that. My mind wandered with that a moment, remembering Haley. The trouble with him was the war was over and he couldn't adjust. He was the kind of guy that had to take down his chowline. In the war, that had got him a decoration, but now he was back, I had to watch him or he'd take us on unnecessary risks, even criminal risks. The guy had to have danger, and with no war to fight, there was left only the law. If I'd been starting the business again, I'd never have picked out Wes Haley as a partner.

"What kind of partner is he?"

"Wes is okay," I said. I didn't think there was any one working dirtier hours before O'Brien.

"You two are on pretty well?"

"Most of the time. We have the usual business disagreements, nothing serious."

O'Brien said, "The way I hear it you quarreled pretty violently now and then. Where's Haley now?"

I frowned, pretending to think about the question. Actually I was wondering what the damn fool had got to him and just what I should say. I couldn't see any reason not to tell the truth.

"He ought to be back in the office. He was to meet me there."

"Would you ring him up?" We'd like to ask him a question or two," O'Brien handed me the telephone.

I dialed. They were all watching me, and whenever it was, they must have figured I was on it with Haley. I dialed, and his telephone rang and rang. It rang steadily, shrilly, and it began to give me the creepy feeling they were watching me while I hated that telephone ringing in an empty office.

"He's not there," I told them.

"When did he tell you he'd be at the office?"

"He was away right there from Colonel Pittman's house, the one we were putting the furniture in. He'd almost emptied the first load of stuff when I drove up with the second. He helped me with the unloading so we could let the warehouse go. There was only some light stuff left that I could handle alone. I went after it and Haley said that he would go back to the office."

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"Was Colonel Pittman there at the house?"

"No. He had been there but he left before I did."

"Anyone else there when you left?"

"Yes. An insurance man, Guy Lester."

"Haley and Lester were there?"

"That's right."

There was a knock on the door. O'Brien opened it, and I could hear a faint whisper of conversation. Then the policeman who had been outside came in. He carried a thick newspaper, folded the long way three times.

On the top of the newspaper lay a hammer. He carried it like it was an egg.

O'Brien said, "Take a look at this hammer. Do you recognize it?"

I took a look. It was the hammer out of Haley's truck. On the head was a dark, a smoky stain that looked like blood, and a few hairs.

I was tiny inside, shocked and sick. I thought, He's killed somebody! That damned fool Haley has killed somebody!

I said, "I'm not sure. We had a couple hammers a lot like that."

O'Brien said, "Maybe this tool will make you remember. We just pulled it out of the back of your truck, from under some furniture padding."

I stared at him, my mouth open like a fish's, my mind writhing, trying to understand.

He said, "Come along. We've got something else to show you." His voice was still polite, but his eyes were as bright as an animal's.

We rode in the police car. They kept on asking me questions as we rode, and I answered them like a man in a dream. My mind was numb, knocked off.

"Who is this Lester?"

"He handles our insurance."

"You carry quite a bit of insur-

ance?" asked O'Brien, casually.

"We have to. We like mortgages to help handle heavy stuff, and there's always a chance one of them will get lost. Couple of months ago we had a guy fall with a refrigerator and crush his back. If we hadn't had fifty thousand worth of liability insurance we'd be broke now."

"And Lester was the man who handled your liability insurance?"

"That's right."

"And you left the two of them to suffer, Haley and Lester?"

"I told you that," I wondered why he kept harping on it. It must have been Lester, I thought. We had a fight with Lester and killed him. Then I thought about it a moment and knew that was impossible. If that were so, how had We put the hammer with blood on it into my truck? And why had he put it there?

The last question scared me. I refused to think about that.

We rolled up in front of Colonel Pittman's house.

The house was a red brick with an off-white-colored, green-blue wood trim. It looked like about a five-room house from the front, but actually it went back deep on the lot and was a pretty good-sized six-room. Colonel Pittman didn't live there. This was just some investment property that he figured to rent furnished. He'd brought a lot of furniture back from Japan, carved oak and such, and was cleaning out the older stuff out the rented house.

We went up a cracked concrete walk. A policeman stood at the door. There appeared to be another route.

We went inside. The lady of a room lay on a half-unrolled red rug. The top of her head was covered, and there were stains on the rug. He'd taken his last fatal chance and danger had finally won. Death had taken the gambler's trade.

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think until I quit being scared. Finally, I went over to the piano and began to play. I liked to fool with a piano, and now, just letting my fingers wander, some of the tunes began to leave me and I could force my mind to remember all the events of the day.

If Colonel Pittman had discovered the body, they must have given him the same sort of golfing they had given me. He might even have been there at the time I was. I began to wonder if it were possible for him to have slipped that bloody banana into the truck while they were questioning me, and before the police had gray over the truck. It was possible, at least on theory.

That would mean that he must have a reason to kill Haley. It would be too far-fetched unless they had known each other before. I tried to remember whether Haley had mentioned any colonels during our Army time. We'd served in the same outfit for about a year, then Haley was wounded and I didn't see him till I got out of the Service.

But I did remember something he'd said about an officer who'd got rich on black market deals. Haley had been pretty bitter about that once. It seemed to me that the officer had been a colonel.

Could Pittman be the man? Could Wesley have tried to blackmail him and been killed for that reason?

It sounded like. Still, it was a way to start. I broke off in the middle of playing a song and got my hat.

As I went out the door, I realized I'd been playing "Mother Where?" Even unconsciously, I couldn't get Officer out of my mind. He had a fine voice, and I wondered grimly if I should ask him to sing at my wedding.

The house in which Colonel Pittman lived was way out on the edge

of town in one of the fashionable districts. It was a big, new half back with wide, sloping, brown-stained eaves, and an acre or more of green Bermuda grass that was so thick and smooth as a Chinese carpet all the way down to the street. The house looked like money, a lot of money and care and good taste all mixed together. I walked up and rang the doorbell, and I could hear one of those expensive chains ringing inside. There were five women in the dining — Dine! Dine! Dine! Dine! Dine! — and at the last one a woman opened the door.

She looked like the house, like a lot of money and good taste. She had a figure that was steadily first-class, poured into some kind of a silk dress, and she looked at you out of deep blue eyes. They reminded you of a pool. I don't know just how to analyze it, but she had more than class. She had that something that makes all men shiver and their chests and wonder if their job is straight or their bill spot shows.

She said, "Yes?" in an engaging, throaty voice.

"The Jack Randall, your mother. Are you Mrs. Pittman?"

"Yes."

"Is the colonel at home?"

"No. What is it, please?"

I stared at the bottom of the door. "You've heard what happened?"

"Yes." Her voice was soft, comforting. "Your father, wasn't it?"

"Yes. I had to make conversation get into the house. Maybe I could find out about the colonel's background from her, I said. "I wanted to talk to Colonel Pittman about the state on the rail."

Her eyes pitted me. "The colonel will take care of it. If not, it doesn't matter. But please come in, Mr. Randall."

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miss it

She held the door open so I went past her. She leaned slightly, to get out of my way, and the thin dress stretched tightly over her hips. They were as smooth as Delia's. She looked good—good enough to be a murder victim.

Helen had been a good-looking man, and the colored was a bit older than either of them. I wondered if I had stumbled onto something.

I asked, "Your husband knew Nancy during the war, didn't he?"

She frowned, thinking. "I don't think so. He never mentioned it."

"How'd he happen to pick us to do this morning job?"

"He saw your advertisement in the evening paper. No, I'm sure they weren't suggested!" She looked at me again. "Can I get you a drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Coffee, then." It's been a hard day, I know. Do you realize how your hands are shaking?"

I hadn't. "Coffee would be fine," I told her.

Thirty minutes later, I left. Maybe she was clever enough to lead me, but I really didn't believe she was the kind of woman to carry on an affair behind her husband's back.

And then I remembered O'Brien's remark about madness. When I stopped to think I supposed an adulteress would look just like anyone else too. So there was I, right where I started, with time running out.

I got an idea, then, a wild, desperate

idea. Suppose I went to O'Brien and told him about the insurance. Suppose I saved them a day or so to ferret out the information, O'Brien looked like a square guy. Maybe he'd give me a couple of days to try to find who had framed me. He could put a cop in tail me as I wouldn't get out of town. And if I ran, that would connect me for sure. It was a pretty desperate idea but I had to try something. I glanced at my wrist watch. It was almost supper time. O'Brien would be going home. I'd have to call him at home. I figured I might as well cut. It might be the last good deed I'd do in a long while.

I had drunk. I've enjoyed meals more hot at least I had drunk. Then I found O'Brien's home address in the telephone directory and drove out to see him.

It was almost dark when I got there, but not too dark to see that O'Brien had a nice home too. It wasn't large, just a plain afternoon scene, but the place was as carefully tended as Pittman's, and there was a bunch of yellow daffodils in front that perfumed the air. I rang the bell and Nancy O'Brien opened the door.

When I had seen her on the stage at the policeman's benefit with her father, I had thought she looked nice, almost like a movie star. But seen up close, at home, all the glamour was gone. She must have been doing the dishes, for she had on a little

frayed plastic apron with gold threads.

Her face was scrubbed, and obviously just between the new and the old makeup, for there wasn't a trace of rouge or lipstick. Her hair was dark, except back off her forehead, and she'd thrust one of those yellow roses into her hair. The shape of her face was good, every bit as good as that of the coloreds with. She looked at me out of gray Irish eyes and said, "Hello" in a voice that was warm and friendly and wholly natural.

I thought, Remember that, Jack. If you get out of this trouble, remember this. This is something you've been searching for, a long time. I walked back at her and asked to see her father.

She asked me in, and she had the nerve to leave us alone without any hint of a word from her father. Looking at O'Brien there in his home, and seeing his plain, freckled Irish face, I didn't think of him as a cop any more, and I forgot to be scared. He might have been my own dad, the one that I lost when I was ten years old. I talked to him. I told him about the insurance and about all my wild speculations and went to Colonel Pittman's house.

He said, "We found out about the insurance late this afternoon. There's a pick up order out for you. Did you know that?"

"No."

He looked at me hardy. "You decided to believe you. If you did know and come here with that story, you're a lot greater and more of a crook than I figure you are. Suppose you wait here a moment while I go and telephone the office. Maybe there's something new." He lifted his voice, calling "Nancy, give this young feller a cup of coffee while he's waiting."

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**MAN**

2/6

He took a long time but I didn't mind, sitting there talking to Maury. I told her how her dad reminded me of mine, and she got around to telling me that she'd lost her mother at about the same age... It gave us a sort of a bond. She made good coffee too, the kind a fellow needs at breakfast time. I had to pull my thoughts back sharply. They were getting away ahead of themselves. O'Brien came back. He said, "Well, sure, son, but I've decided to give you a chance to turn up somewhere in the next twenty-four hours. Suppose we go over it again, just to be sure we haven't missed anything."

We went over it again. Maury was gone, and now the old house began to seep back. No matter if I had won a twenty-four hour reprieve, there were black clouds on me. And then, the last time through, I remembered something.

"Laurie!" I said. "Just before I left the house after the last lead, he leaned against the truck. He had his hair down. He could have hidden the hammer there and dropped it off into my truck under the padding. That would have put it down at the very bottom of the load when you found it."

"But you said Haley was still alive, that he called to you from inside the house as you were leaving."

"I thought he did. Somebody called my name. But a short coming from an empty house is hard to recognize. Then Laurie came out and told me that Haley wanted to tell me that he would go on to the office. But now that I think of it, Laurie could have been both voices."

O'Brien's face had been drained up until now. Now it began to tingle in some subtle way. He looked out with a quick Irish temper. "Was

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An Inferiourity Complex is a disturbance in the Subconscious Mind which manifests itself as self-consciousness and lack of confidence, — in nervousness and "nervyness" — in carelessness worry — in depression and a sense of futility — in loneliness and lack of enterprise — in nerve pains and other ailments — in weakness of will and habits — in stuttering, blushing, and nervousness — in forgetfulness and lack of concentration. These are symptoms of "something wrong" within your personality which you can put right — the effect of conflicting forces within yourself or the influence during your personality development. Such experiences may be entirely forgotten, they may have acted too early for your memory to record, but their effects remain in the form of a disturbance centre in Subconsciousness, which send out powerful negative impulses, overcoming and paralyzing your positive impulses, denying you the pleasures of achievement and the joys of living.



Key to Imaginary diagram depicting the effect of subconscious mind on the personality and bodily structure.

- |                       |                 |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Self Consciousness | 2. Nervousness  |
| 3. Lack of confidence | 4. Nervousness  |
| 5. Carelessness       | 6. Nervousness  |
| 7. Depression         | 8. Nervousness  |
| 9. Nervousness        | 10. Nervousness |
| 11. Nervousness       | 12. Nervousness |
| 13. Nervousness       | 14. Nervousness |
| 15. Nervousness       | 16. Nervousness |
| 17. Nervousness       | 18. Nervousness |
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that why you came here? To ghost a story like that at the last school? You may be cleverer than I figured, cleverer and harder." His eyes bored harshly into mine. "And why would Leicester have killed him?"

"I—I—" I was stammering in confusion under his sudden change. "I don't know why."

"All right." O'Brien got up, a compact bundle of controlled fury. "I promised you twenty-four hours, and I'll keep my word. But get going, and I hope for your sake you can turn up some real evidence. Now get out of here."

I got out. As I pulled away from the house, a car followed me. It didn't surprise me. Even when O'Brien had believed me, he had planned to put a tail on me. He'd done that while I was drinking coffee with Nancy, and I couldn't blame him. But I wished I hadn't blurted out that sudden line about Leicester. I couldn't blame O'Brien. It sounded bad, like I was changing my story, and it made my whole visit mean like just an excuse to slip in that plea. But I knew things could have happened that way, and more than that, they must have happened that way.

I began to get another idea or two, an idea that began to make sense. I drove home and called Leicester on the telephone. I said, "Could you come over, Guy? I've got an insurance problem. Something that deals with an old case, the employee with the cracked back. You remember?"

He was sounded odd or maybe I just wanted it to sound that way. He said, "I'll be right over."

While I was waiting I sat down at the piano and began to play. It was beginning to come clear now what must have happened. The only thing was that just knowing wasn't enough.

I had to find a way to get proof. Maybe I was wrong to stampede Leicester like this, and maybe I could confirm my idea. Anyway, there wasn't time to play it safe.

He arrived in about twenty minutes. I didn't offer him a drink, just settled him in a chair and started in on him.

I said, "You seem anxious to believe that the fellow with the back injury, the one that fell while moving a refrigerator, was an insurance swindler. You would your company paid him forty thousand dollars. I wondered what you wanted to do about it."

He asked, "What makes you think it was a swindle?"

"Never mind that," I kept bluffed. "The thing is, there may be others. Have you paid off on other policies with alarming firms?"

He said carefully, "I don't know. There may have been one or two."

I said, "Then I'd suggest you take it up with your company. Maybe if they compare the descriptions of the injured person and all the X-rays, they may find they've paid off on the same X-ray more than once."

He said, "I'll sure have it checked on. Thanks a lot, Jack. Was that all you wanted?"

"Yeah," I said. "That's all. You just to make sure I'll wait to the company too. That ought to help you get across."

He whistled. "Damn you!" he shot out. "You're wise."

"Yeah. And Haley was wise too. That's why you talked him."

"Was, hell! He was as on that one. Then he got too big for his britches."

"And you thought you could keep it on me. Now what are you going to do?"



"You ought to be glad I'm not out nights sweeping other women off their feet."

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I hadn't really thought about the question, or I wouldn't have asked it. He stared at me and his voice grew husky. He said, "I'll do what I did before." He took a gun out of his pocket.

It was funny I'd never thought of a gun. He hadn't used one as Riley, and I just hadn't thought that when I dropped that hint on the telephone I was leaving him to bring out along. He was across the room, and we were both seated. He could shoot me before I was out of my chair.

I said, "There's a cop waiting outside, one that's been telling me you'll get caught this time sure."

He considered that, then he grinned. "Thanks for telling me," he said. "The gun isn't registered. I'll shoot you up close, and put it in your hand." He stood up and levelled the gun. "Get up and come here!"

I was scared, there isn't any word for how scared I was. I started to do what he wanted, but I was talking all the time I got out of the chair.

"You can't shoot me from that far away, and I'm going to yell 'murder' in a moment, and that will keep you from getting away with it." I began to walk toward him.

I don't know whether I would have yelled or not. I didn't have time. The gun roared. My heart jumped once, and I wondered how long it would take to feel that I'd been hit. Then I realized that Lester was staring at an empty hand, and it was bleeding onto the rug.

A voice from the window said, "Hold it now!" And other voices sounded at the door. O'Brien came in, staggering heavily, and the policeman beside him crossed a gun at the study position. The other policeman, the one outside the window, had fired the single shot.

O'Brien said, "Take him away!" They took him, and O'Brien and I stood staring at each other.

"I didn't get it," I stammered. "I know you had me followed and I was trying to figure out how to signal the cop outside. How'd you get him?"

O'Brien said, "We had a microphone in there and a tape recorder, and a man in the next apartment. We knew everything you did or said."

I stared at him. "I didn't think you could do that—I mean..."

O'Brien said, "It's a technical thing, the invasion of private life by the police. If we make a mistake, it could cost me my job. But we had all the evidence on you except murder, and I'd risk my job to catch a crook any time."

I said slowly, "Mean it cost my life. I can't very well complain, can I?"

O'Brien's face broke suddenly into a smile. "I hoped you'd feel that way." He wasn't a cop any more, just a man, just a man. "You play a mean game. Maybe you'd play it me sometime?"

"I'll accompany you if you'll sing. Name the day." I grinned back at him.

He said, "Sunday dinner and bring your own music." He turned away and I stopped him at the door.

"Your daughter sings too," I said. "I'd like to accompany her."

He turned and looked at me and through me, and he knew I wasn't talking about music. And when he answered, he wasn't talking about my game—I hoped.

He said, "I mean she could do worse. See you Sunday, son."

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# GIANT KILLER

R. L. CHAMPION

FICTION



Sealed Lips McGonigle opened his mouth and put his own coffin in it!

THE quarter of the city where McGonigle was born and bred was not noted for sobriety. He was an observer and observer-in many had an with a crowd. The policeman, Sealed Lips, which it had bestowed on McGonigle, was one of its most efficient.

McGonigle, it was whispered in the local saloons, had been talking volubly at the age of fourteen months when he announced loudly that he could drink more hot辣 beverages than any other child on the block. He had been boasting ever since.

At seventeen the fact that he could not refrain from taking drinks and alcoholic credit for a ready-made salubry had landed him in the reformatory.

When twenty months later, he returned to his former haunts he had changed physically. He was heavier, sharper eyed and the lines of his mouth were more tightly set. Finally, he had not changed at all. His voice

was loud and constant.

During the next eight years, Sealed Lips McGonigle accumulated a score of robberies and three cold blooded killings. He served a two year term on one count, obtained a long run on another and on four occasions managed to frighten witnesses into hiding. Once he gained a suspended sentence and once a measure was acquired him straight.

Through it all he talked.

Naturally, there came a day when he talked too much. Though, considering everything it came late in his life than anyone expected.

A gasoline station attendant was murdered during a hold-up. The man was armed and apparently had drawn his gun on the robber. The police found an automatic dropped in the dead man's hand; they also found a magazine bullet in his skull and a rifled hole.

Four hours after the first editions hit the streets, McGonigle began to

act like a fourth rate actor displaying his sorry back. He bowed in all directions at once and took side credit for the job.

He kept right on talking as a distraction distracted himself from the hot-room and he was still talking when the police arrived to take him in. Moreover, he did not shut up when Ballinger demonstrated that the murder bullet had been fired from a thirty-eight which came to light in a battered bureau drawer of McGonigle's furnished room.

If he was apprehensive during his trial, as reported elsewhere at his recital in the publicity. He posed for the photographs like a Congressman and issued interviews to the press which drew his lawyers to shill and fumble protest.

He smiled when he was sentenced to the chair and promptly agreed a contract to relate his life story to a newspaper syndicate who was more addicted to sensational stage than news.

Two months later when Detective-argument Heyworth escorted him to Grand Central Station the hunch of Sealed Lips McGonigle remained unimpaired.

They sat in a worn green plush day coach, McGonigle's right hand clamped to Heyworth's left. As was his custom, Heyworth discreetly dropped his top coat over the handcuffs which held them together. McGonigle grinned and shook the coat off.

He said, "May as well let 'em know who I am, now."

Heyworth shrugged. He had observed many men on this final journey. Within all reasonable limits he was ready to give them their own way.

## A WARNING TO MEN IN MID-LIFE

At about 30 years of age most men show a marked decline in energy and vigor and develop important chronic, particularly digestive, nervous system and circulatory malfunctions. These are usually in shape they suffer from blood poisons, become irritable and nervous, busy to aggressive, nervous, irritable, unable to concentrate, and even old there's a constant dragging tendency, loss of or rapidly increasing interest in the opposite sex or in business.

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"Sure," said McGonigle in a loud voice, "any as well give the punishment a whirl. I guess they never been so close to a guy who's knocked off twelve men before."

"Twelve?" said Heyworth. "Head-quarters figure only four."

"Four," said McGonigle, as if someone had impugned his mother's honour. "They're crazy, sure. It was twelve I remember every one of them. I—"

He was interrupted as a man came into the car, nodded to Heyworth and took the seat facing them. He was a little man of indeterminate age. He wore a neat grey suit, a dark moustache, and an air of innocence.

He said to Heyworth, "Good morning, sir, anyway I didn't expect to see you today."

Heyworth added to McGonigle's direction. McGonigle glanced and said slowly, "I guess there's a lot of people on this train that didn't expect to see me, for McGonigle." He glanced and added a trifle anxiously, "I guess you've heard of me."

"I have."

McGonigle's smile held inhibition. "I guess you read the papers about the train. But you know the newspapers didn't tell the half."

"Really?" said the little man politely.

"No, sure," said Sealed Lips McGonigle. "There was a fellow about three years ago. I killed him for four hundred bucks. A long four hundred bucks." He snapped the fingers of his free hand.

"Yep," said McGonigle. "Two knocked off twelve guys. And I done it all by myself. Not like this punk, Capone, who had his killing done. Twelve guys in a lot, isn't it?"

The little man nodded.

"I guess you never killed twelve guys did you?" McGonigle went off into a roar of laughter.

The little man looked vaguely uncomfortable. He shrugged his shoulders and did not answer.

"And the cheapest job I ever did," said McGonigle. "was for two hundred bucks. Now how'd you like to kill a guy for that sort of lousy dough?"

The little man smiled vaguely. He stood up. He said nervously, "I guess I'll go along to the smoker for a cigar." He nodded to Heyworth. He caught the eye of Sealed Lips McGonigle and muttered, "Be seeing you, sir."

The little man walked away. In the doorway of the car he stood for a moment and regarded McGonigle with an odd and puzzled expression.

As he disappeared, Sealed Lips McGonigle turned to Sergeant Heyworth. He was vastly amused.

"Well," he said, "I guess I knocked him for a loop, all right. Did you hear me ask him if he ever banged off twelve men? God, did you see his face?"

McGonigle was embarked on a spasm of laughter when Heyworth, and slowly, "I forget the exact number. I think it's a hundred and nine."

"A hundred and nine what?"

"The little man. He's killed a hundred and nine men. His name's Red-Bait—(or State Excitement)," said Heyworth. He added proudly, "He got a hundred and fifty dollars for each job."

Suddenly, and for the first time in his life, Sealed Lips McGonigle was bring up to his name.

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## VICK UIPS

We have a girl in our office who is so dumb that she thinks eight rings are used to rock young men. We were discussing this every the other day and she told us that she always met people who sat a lot while on no other day. You never saw anyone so dumb. She thinks a bathroom is a female goat.

Yesterday this girl told us she had had a hard time to leave us. Hope she does not leave it to us.

You know she is a very hungry girl. She has to eat where her next meal is coming from.

Getting away from the dumb office girl we read the other day that a concert artist, who is only 4 feet 8 1/2, plays a 4 foot 4 inch harp. This requires plenty of pluck.

A chap we know recently was first prize in the lottery and his wife bought 50 hats on the strength of the win. He went of went to his head.

Speaking of going against, we believe impostor artists are very highly paid. They fly through the air with the provision of fans.

Then there was the surveyor in England who was examining a lighthouse when part of the building collapsed. He is suffering from fallen arches.

Fallen arches reminds us of athletes. There is a group of athletes in Sydney who are training on grapefruit. It gives them that extra spurt.

Take a sage we saw recently on a lawn. It read, "Your feet are killing me."

Did you hear about the world famous comedian who always took three cigarettes with him when on tour? He had to keep his wife about him incidentally, that comedian's average income was about three o'clock in the morning.

And, speaking of income, if you want to know the value of a challenge, try to borrow one.

The club boys announced that he had a screw on his head. One of the members murmured "To have the Mad Hatter."

Which reminds us of the peace warbler who became so pally with the minister that he was fired. He used to call them by their first two numbers. And, when you think of how you think of deities—you know, a deity is a guy who finds out when you win.

Thank we had better use a bit of diplomacy, if you know what that means—lying on state. Upon my word!



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